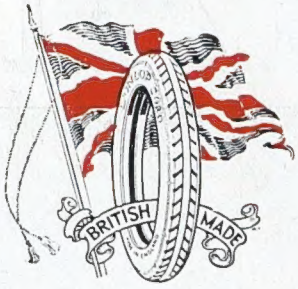
The Bystander, January 27, 1926 No. 1156. Vol. LXXXIX

The BYSTANDER

Bassano

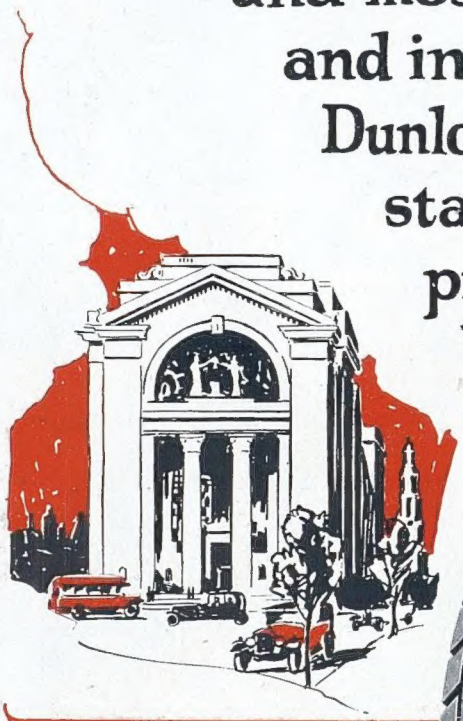
MISS ELIZABETH BROTHERHOOD

A daughter of Mr. Stanley Brotherhood, J.P. Her father, who is a keen sportsman and rider to hounds, became High Sheriff of Northamptonshire in 1920



DUNLOP CORD TYRES

are obtainable throughout the world. No matter where you travel, there you will find the world's safest and most economical tyre– and in every country the Dunlop Rubber Company stands behind its products so that YOU CAN–



fit Dunlop and be satisfied

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LTD., BIRMINGHAM

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

C.F.H.2

Viscount Chilston

A WEEK ago I read in my morning paper of the death of Viscount Chilston, and, for a moment, I wondered who Viscount Chilston might be. You see, I did not, at once, recognise Mr. Akers-Douglas under his later and more high-sounding title, although, as a distinguished commoner, I had followed his progress in the Conservative Party with a great deal of interest.

A Strange Custom

HOW much longer, I wonder, will famous men permit themselves to be camouflaged in this way. They earn the admiration of their fellows and the gratitude of their country by years of distinguished service; their names become household words, and then, when the time has come to reap their honours and rewards, they permit themselves to be pushed into oblivion for the benefit of their descendants. It is a strange custom, but, as Dean Inge said last week: "Each generation must make unrequited sacrifices for the next," and this, apparently, is a case in point.

Lord Inverwho

ONLY a few weeks before, a man in fairly close touch with public affairs told me that fears were expressed for a certain vessel, and that the passenger list included Lord Inverforth or Lord Invernairn—he wasn't sure which. You may argue that this betrayed a shocking lack of general knowledge, but I very much doubt if nine out of ten ordinary folk could give you, off-hand, the names under which these distinguished men performed the services to the State that earned them the peerages they so richly deserved.

My Good Name

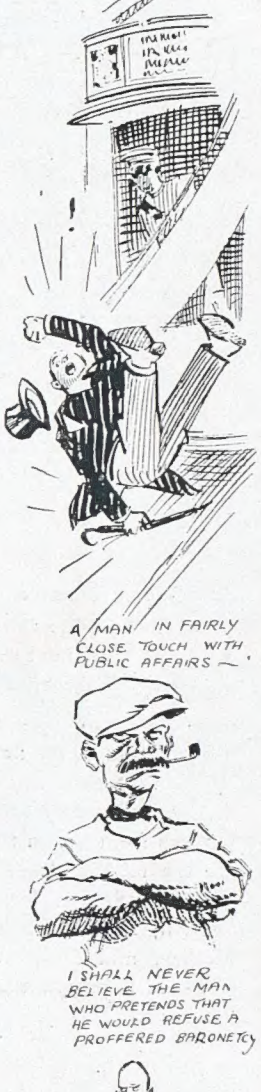
CERTAINLY the new name becomes established in time, but when the title is conferred late in life the recipient has neither time nor opportunity to break through the anonymity into which a grateful country has plunged him. Don't think that I am scoffing at the Honours List. To have a handle to one's name is a very pleasant thing, and I shall never believe the man who pretends that he would refuse a proffered baronetcy. But a good name is a priceless asset, and I am content to know that I shall carry mine with me to the end of the journey.

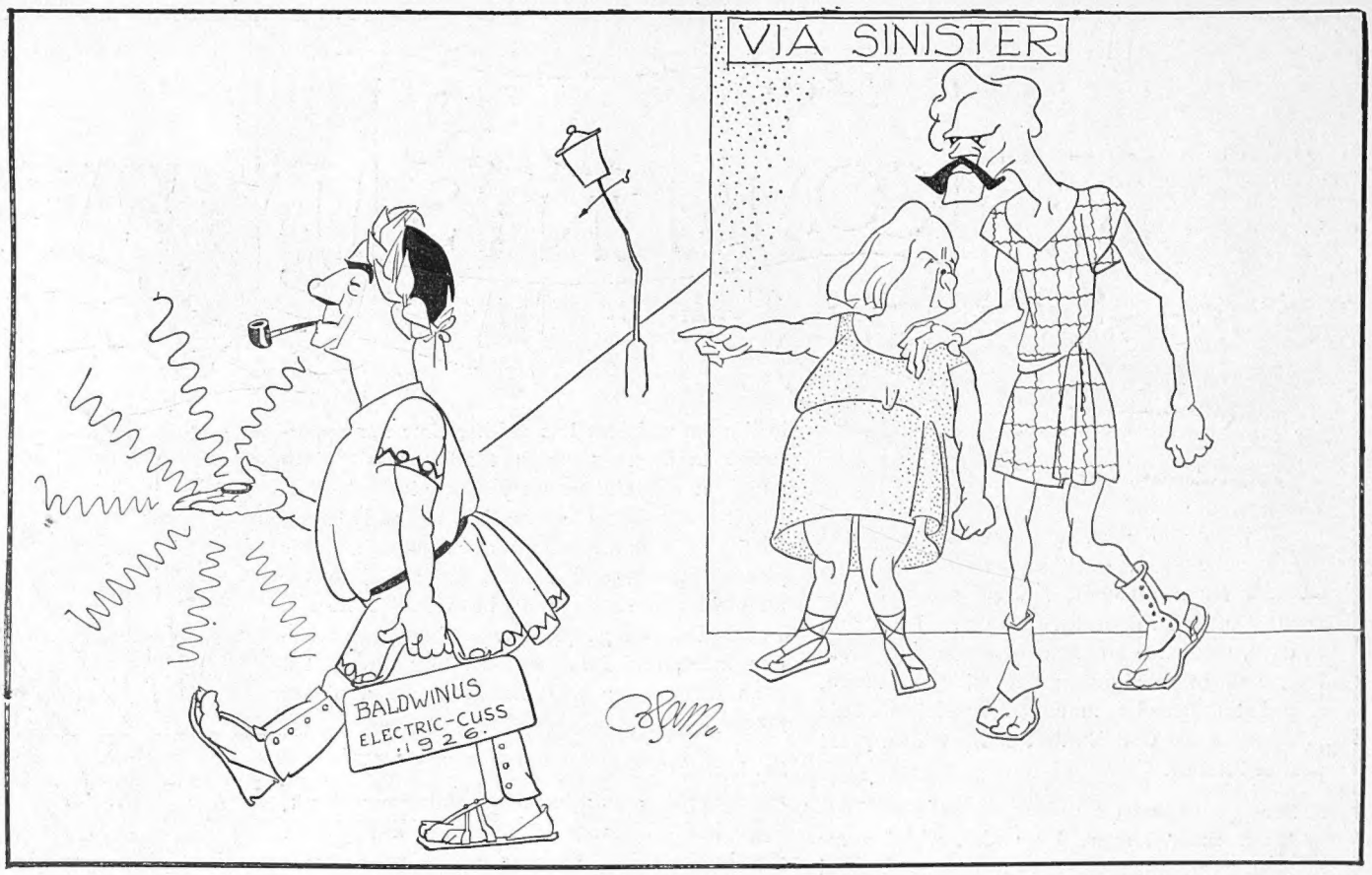
St. Hubert's Day

TALKING about hunting—and we weren't, but no matter—it is rather a pity that we, in the shires, have no equivalent to Saint Hubert's Day, which is kept annually by the members of the Noailles Hunt. The church is full, and the congregation, some wearing top-boots and hunting scarves, is waiting. At last, the members of the hunt appear in red coats with light yellow collars and facings, and horns slung from shoulder-belts. They take their places about the chair, while in the centre two huntsmen, in the hunt livery, kneeling, hold in leash two hounds of the pack. Very well-behaved hounds, too, for, according to my correspondent, they did not once give tongue during the whole service.

A Hunting Festival

THE Mass begins, accompanied by bugle-calls, and the officiating priest has also put on a chasuble of the same hues, red, bordered with gold. After the service a move is made for the castle stables, where the benediction of the pack takes place, and the hunt then moves away under the high-arched gateway, past the castle of Chantilly, an architectural setting that recalls princely figures of famous name, and a history as old as it is glorious. For these particulars I am indebted to M. René de Surany, and I repeat that an English equivalent would be an equally picturesque ceremonial.





A "CURRENT" EVENT AT THE CAPITOL! By Blam

Lloyd Georgius Vesuvius Brutus: "He has stolen *my* thunder—look you!"
Lossius Loonus Cassius: "Nay, Brutus. 'Tis *my* Lightning!"

The Quorn Theatre

I hear that the new play in which Mr. Lynne Overman will appear next month will be set in a fashionable hunting county and staged at the Queen's. Why not the Quorn?

Poor Old England

Writing of the new Gate Theatre, Mr. James Agate says that this tiny playhouse exists for the purpose of giving "the very best plays and only the very best. The authors from whom this season's programme is being chosen are the following:—Pirandello, Kaiser, Hauptmann, Strindberg, Benevente, Masefield, Molière, Andreev, Monkhouse, O'Neill, Toller, Tchekov, Wedekind, Capek, Copeau, Ibsen, Molnar, and Dostoievsky." Two Englishmen and sixteen aliens in a programme comprising, according to Mr. Agate, "the very best plays, and only the very best." Poor old England!

The Epsom Players.

Mr. J. H. Benrimo, the well-known producer, agrees with my recent remarks on the subject of amateur theatricals. Addressing the Epsom Players, he congratulates them on having the enterprise to stage entirely original productions and to create the characters for themselves. I have been so fortunate as to see one of these original productions, and I found it far more stimulating than a conventional performance of *The Mikado* or *Merrie England*. I strongly advise other societies to take their courage in both hands and to break away from the rather depressing traditions of the amateur stage.

A Simple Question

What is humour? All last week's fussation about the B.B.C. and the revolution that did not revolve prompts me to ask this apparently simple question. Does humour lie in the making of a statement that should be obviously untrue? If I point to an acre of snow and say that it is black, am I a funny dog? And is the man who fails to laugh at the jest a dull fellow? When Father Knox announced that Big Ben had fallen, he seems to have thought that none but fools would believe him. Then why say it?

A Tall Story

Yet I remember an August day when it was whispered that there was to be a European War; that Germany would march through Belgium and that Great Britain would send an expeditionary force to France. This was far more terrifying than anything Father Knox managed to imagine, and quite a lot of wise people said it was out of the question. A few fools—one of them saved the British Navy—believed this tall story, and the fools were right. Then why shouldn't Big Ben fall? And if we admit the possibility, where is the humour?

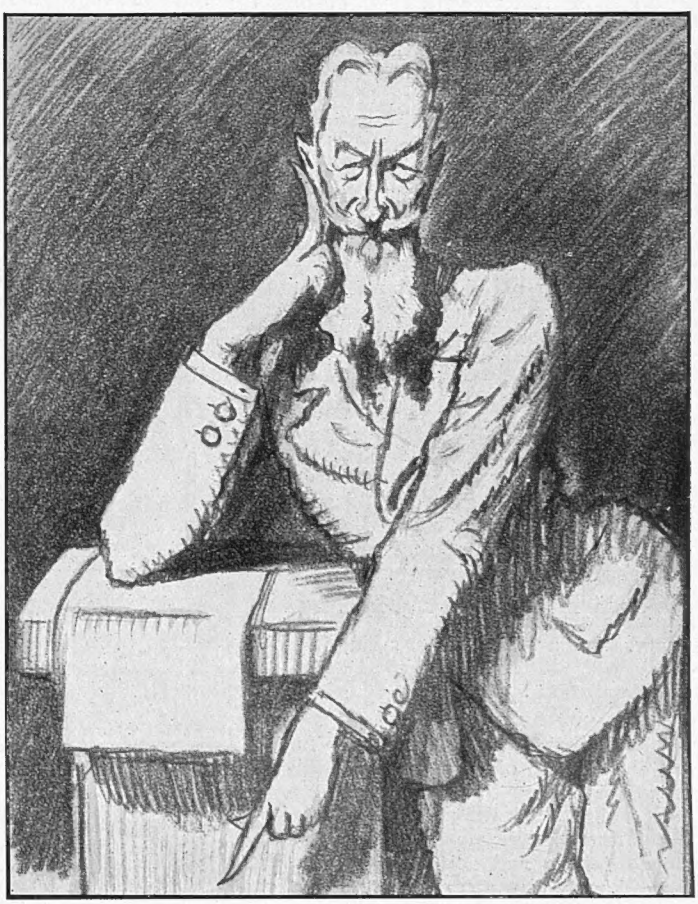
The Mentality of the Queue

I am quite sure that some West End managers have been in the habit of warning people waiting in theatre queues when all hope of their obtaining seats has gone. Yet it wasn't always done. I have known a theatre attendant say: "Look at those fools! They've been waiting four hours and only half of them will get in." "Why don't you tell them?" I asked him. "They wouldn't believe me," he replied. And if this is a true estimate of the mentality of the queue, we won't waste any more sympathy on them.

A Depressing Sight

The new regulation, issued by the Lord Chamberlain, that the queue shall be told, may help matters, for the warning will carry with it the hall mark of authority. One of the most depressing sights in the West End is to see whole families rushing from one popular success to another, only to find the "House Full" boards prominently displayed. These people have been standing in a queue, only to be refused admission at the last minute. I am always sorry for them, particularly when I see the sort of show to which their desperation ultimately drives them.

Sargents Off the Line



BY E. T. REED

Fired by the glories of the Sargent Exhibition, *our* artist feels impelled to show what *he* can do in that line. In case the National Portrait Gallery purchasing authorities wish to communicate with him, he asks us to say that "The Bystander" address will always find him!

A VISIT TO THE FLEET *Central News*

A photograph taken on board H.M.S. "Repulse" during the visit of Count Volpi, the Italian Finance Minister, to Portsmouth. In addition to Count Volpi, the group includes: Countess Volpi, Donna Marina Volpi, Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle and Captain Hope

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Beginning of Things

NEXT week will see the return of the King and Queen for the opening of Parliament and the beginning of all sorts of gaieties which have been in abeyance owing to the mourning for Queen Alexandra. Despite the number of people who go abroad, there always seem crowds left behind for the early winter parties and functions. And this year, I am told, the number of people who have taken furnished houses in London from now until Easter is far above the average of other years.

The weather may be variable—what the schoolboy described as "anything from piggy to beastly"—but in the weeks between the opening of Parliament and the commencement of the season proper London can be, and is, a very pleasant place. There is all the charm and intimacy of the little season with bigger public affairs thrown in, and a splash of pomp and circumstance in the big political parties and dinners for the opening of Parliament.

Spring comes in March to the fields and the gardens. The London season has its spring in the beginning of February. And a very pleasant spring it is.

Compensation

FOOT-AND-MOUTH disease, frost and snow have weighed heavily so far on the spirits of hunting folk this season, but they have made a determined effort to make up for their disappointments by support of the hunt balls. All up and down the country there have been record attendances, and again the pleasant custom of some big house being lent for the annual ball of the local hunt has been very much the fashion.

Old assembly rooms and old-fashioned hotels are sometimes unpleasantly draughty places, difficult to warm, and with little beside chilly staircases for sitting out. A generation used to central heating, therefore, infinitely prefers the hunt ball in a private house. The only drawback is that few of the houses lent, with the exception of Eaton Hall and Raby Castle, lent for the Cheshire and Zetland Hunt balls, are of what you may call an outsize size, consequently the ballroom floor gets crowded and congested. But here, again, a generation that dances nearly every night in London on an ever-decreasing space as supper-tables increase at the night clubs is not seriously perturbed.

One of the last of the hunt balls takes place in early April, the Bramham Moor, of which Lord Lascelles is the Master, and at which Princess Mary is expected to be present.

Sport and General

IN CALCUTTA

H.E. The Earl of Lytton, Governor of Bengal, with the Countess of Lytton, interested spectators on Viceroy's Cup Day at Calcutta

Sport and General

EN VOYAGE

The Duchess of Norfolk, with her daughter, Lady Rachel Fitzalan-Howard, photographed on board the "Leviathan." They are paying a visit to the United States

A Marriage in Capetown

LADY MARGARET SCOTT'S marriage to Commander Geoffrey Hawkins at Capetown next month is the romantic sequel to a visit the bride paid some little time ago to Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and Lord Athlone. Commander Hawkins is on Lord Athlone's staff, and he and Lady Margaret became "acquent," as the Scotch say, during a shooting expedition of the Royal party into Swaziland.

The Duchess of Buccleuch has gone out to South Africa with her daughter for the wedding. The Dowager Countess of Minto, one of the Queen's ladies, who has been staying with her son-in-law and daughter, Lord and Lady Francis Scott, in Kenya Colony, is going on to Capetown to pay a visit to Princess Alice and Lord Athlone. Lord Francis Scott is an uncle of the bride, and by an odd coincidence he,

Topical

ROYALTY AT THE SHOOT

The King of Spain's recent visit to the Province of Jaen was the occasion of a shoot. The photograph shows him arriving with his party at the scene of the day's sport

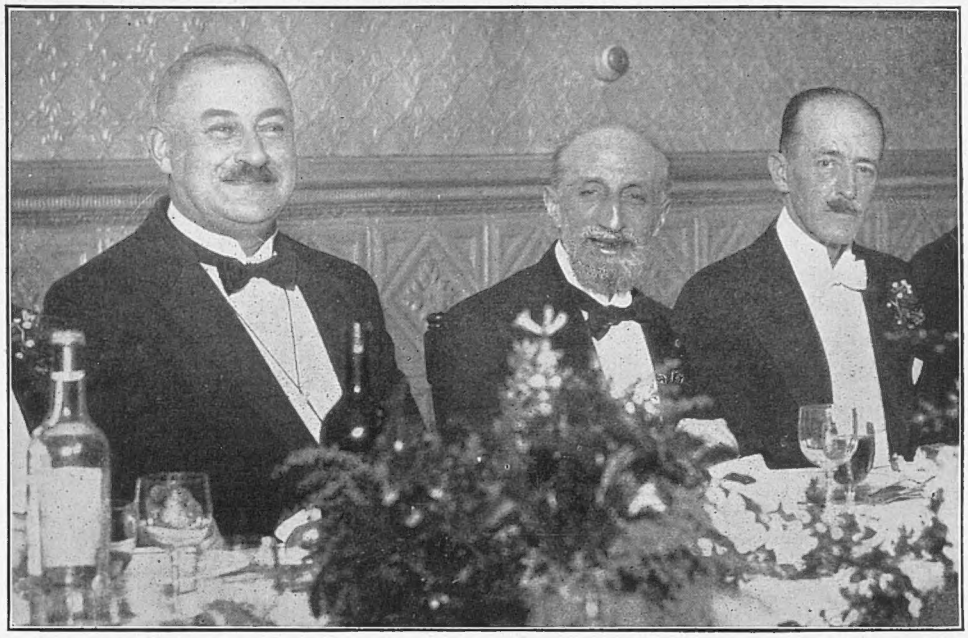
like his future nephew-in-law, met his wife when he was on her father's (the late Earl of Minto) staff, the then Viceroy of India.

The number of Viceroys', Governors', and Ambassadors' daughters who marry their fathers' aides-de-camp or other members of staff is considerable.

Two of the Duke of Devonshire's daughters married members of their father's staff when he was Governor-General in Canada. The eldest, Lady Maud, married Captain Mackintosh, the military attaché, and only son of The Mackintosh, of Moy Hall, near Inverness. He died a year after the marriage, and two years ago Lady Maud married Mr. George Baillie, the heir to his mother's barony of Burton. The Duke of Devonshire's third daughter married Captain Harold Macmillan, one of her father's A.D.C.s.

Salmon Fishing

FISHING in this weather sounds chilly, and chillier still in Scotland, but by the time you read these pourings-forth of your Bystander, salmon fishing will have begun in Scotland. The Duke of Portland, a keen fisherman who takes no notice of frosts or snows, is again renting Dunkeld House with its salmon fishing on the Tay from the Duke of Atholl. The Duke of Portland is sixty-eight, but, like those intrepid souls who plunge into the Serpentine when "the blasts of the winter blow round and above," the chilliest salmon river in February or March has no terrors for him.



L'ENTENTE CORDIALE *I.B.*

General Sir William Horwood (left), M. de Fleuriau, the French Ambassador, and Lord Cadogan, photographed at a recent dinner. This was held on the occasion of the visit of representatives from the Paris police to meet the Metropolitan police in sports competitions

Echoes of a Scandal

THE death of Signor Enrico Toselli at Florence recalls a royal scandal of twenty-three years ago. Then all Europe was thrilled by the announcement that the Crown Princess of Saxony, born an Austrian Archduchess, had eloped with her son's tutor, M. Giron, a Frenchman considerably younger than herself. The publicity of the whole affair was astounding. One might have thought "special facilities" for acquiring information had been given to the Press. Then, and later, the lady certainly made no effort to hide her life under a bushel.

Pressure from the Austrian and Saxon Courts, and probably, too, the realisation that poverty with a royal princess had few compensations, soon caused M. Giron to fade out of the Crown Princess's history. She was divorced from her husband and deprived of all the privileges of an Austrian Archduchess. A child was born not long after her elopement, which the Crown Prince (now ex-King of Saxony) recognised as his, allowing his divorced wife £2,000 a year on condition she gave it up. This was their sixth child.

When she was deprived of her title by her divorce the Crown Princess was created Countess Montignoso, and under this name she took a villa near Florence, where her father and mother had formerly reigned as Grand Duke and Grand Duchess until they were turned out by their subjects.

For a time all went placidly. A certain English lady of high position then living in Florence had deep sympathy for one whom she believed to be a victim of marriage by royal rank and quarterings. She visited the Countess Montignoso continually, an example which was followed by other ladies in the English colony. There were many tea parties at her villa, and if the lady was a little insistent on being addressed as "Imperial and Royal Highness," well, she

A "BLACK AND TAN" MEET *Poole, Waterford*

A photograph taken at a meet of the Scarteen "Black and Tan" Hunt, showing Lady Dorothie Moore with her three daughters, Edith, Ruth and Cecilia. The meet took place recently at Lattin, near Tipperary

had been born the first and became the second by marriage.

There was music, too, at the villa, the Countess Montignoso being a skilled musician. One day somebody brought Signor Toselli, a young Florentine composer, thirteen years the Countess's junior. Soon there came a thunderbolt, the announcement of her marriage to Toselli at a registry office in London. The little court of sympathetic English ladies in Florence dwindled and fell away rapidly after that.

Very soon the couple were engaged in quarrels and lawsuits against one another, the details of which were given to the public in books written by both sides. Finally they separated after five stormy years of quarrels, public recriminations, reconciliations, and estrangements, the one child of the marriage, a boy, being left with Signor Toselli's parents. Since then the ex-Crown Princess has been living in Brussels. The fall in the value of the mark at one time reduced her allowance from her first husband to so meagre a sum that, according to her own account, she was forced to teach languages and hawk embroidery from door to door to avoid starvation.

Topical

MRS. HUBERT NICHOLLS AND MR. ALFRED WESTON

How Streets are Named

THE name of Gunter suggests the best ices in London and perfect dinners, "sent in," on those occasions of high ceremony to which one's own cook cannot rise. But it is nearly an elderly lifetime since any member of the Gunter baronet's family had anything to do with that fascinating shop in Berkeley Square.

In the eighteenth century there was a pastrycook called Gunter who made a fortune out of catering for dinners and parties in the houses of the rich and great. A goodly slice of that fortune he invested in land, which was then market-gardens, in Earl's Court, Kensington, Chelsea and West Brompton. He himself lived at Earl's Court, then a rural retreat, in a house which was dubbed "Currant Jelly Hall."

The grandson of this first Gunter married a lady of Yorkshire, and bought Wetherby Grange. Then there came the extension of London westwards in the 'sixties, 'seventies and 'eighties of the last century, and ultimately the market-gardens bought by the first Gunter brought in an income which was said to be nearly £200,000 a year.

IN THE LAKE DISTRICT *Sport and General*

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Lord Lascelles waiting in the snow for the birds to come over. The photograph was taken at Lord Lonsdale's shoot at Lowther Castle, Westmorland

Topical

MRS. R. HAVELOCK ALLEN, MISS ELPHINSTINE AND MRS. WHITELAW

STEEPLECHASING IN SUSSEX

Personalities photographed in the paddock at the recent Plumpton 'Chases. The sun which shone brightly did its best to make the meeting a success, although it was cold work standing

Alfieri

THE HON. BARBARA FRANKLAND

It is interesting to see how the Gunter ownership was impressed on the growing streets of houses. There is Tregunter Road—a Cornish addition to the name of Gunter. Wetherby Gardens were named after the Wetherby Grange and Collingham Gardens after a village on the Gunters' Wetherby estate. Knaresborough Place and Barkston Ash were so called from two constituencies — Knaresborough and Barkston Ash—which the first baronet, Sir Robert Gunter, represented in Parliament. Gledhow Gardens took their name from the ancestral home of the first Lady Gunter, Gledhow Hall, in Yorkshire. And, finally, Bramham Gardens were so dubbed from the Bramham Hunt, which the Gunter family followed, and of which Lord Lascelles is now the Master.

When the Gunters scattered these names of family interest over their rapidly developing property, they were only following the example of the Portland, Westminster, Bedford, Portman and Cadogan families, who gave the names of their titles and country houses, towns and villages to the streets and squares built upon the parts of London they owned north and south of Hyde Park.

The Discoverer of Cannes

Lady Brougham and Vaux, whose death has just occurred, was the mother of nine children, six by her first husband, Sir Richard Musgrave, of Eden Hall, and three by her second husband, namely, Lord Brougham, whom she married a year after Sir Richard Musgrave's death.

A curious fact about the Brougham and Vaux barony is that the one held by the present venerable peer—he is eighty-nine—is not the barony originally conferred upon his uncle, the famous Lord Brougham who defended Queen Caroline in the divorce proceedings brought against her by George IV, and who afterwards became Lord Chancellor.

The first barony was granted in 1830. Thirty years later the present barony, with the same name, was created, but with this essential difference. In default of male heirs to the first Lord Brougham, the second patent gave the succession to the present peer and his father.

It was the first Lord Brougham who discovered Cannes and set the fashion of wintering there. I think I am right in saying that he was the first Englishman to own a house there—the Château Eleonore—and, if not the first, certainly one of the very earliest. It was he, too, who invented the closed carriage known by his name.

He was always suspected of having sent a notice of his own death to the newspapers

Hay Wrightson

A DANCE CHAIRMAN

A recent portrait of Princess Marina Chavchavadze, who is chairman of the Young Guild of Empire Ball. Princess Marina is the sister of Prince Paul Chavchavadze

Hay Wrightson

A RECENT BRIDE

A charming portrait of Miss Mary Mackenzie Young, whose secret marriage to Mr. Charles Grant, a grandson of Lord Rosebery, was recently announced

British Illus.

STANDING IT OUT

A group taken at the Derwent Hunt Ball, held at the Grand Hotel, Scarborough, which includes: Lord Downe, Capt. Sidney Herbert, M.P., Mr. Halliday Huggan, Major Gordon Foster, M.F.H., Mrs. Gordon Foster, the Hon. Ruth Dawnay and Miss Wormald. **Photographs of other Hunt Balls appear on pages 202 and 203**

in order to see what his contemporaries would say of him. He was by no means a popular man, so the result was not exactly gratifying. Of the three Lords Brougham, two—the first and second—married the daughters of baronets, and the third a baronet's widow.

The "Absent Guest" Dinner Movement

Two years ago the Cairo Y.M.C.A. lighted upon an original and most kindly way of providing a Christmas dinner for three or four hundred unemployed in the poorer districts of London. In Cairo there is a dinner of the simplest kind which costs threepence, but for which the guests pay five shillings. The difference provides the big meal for the London unemployed. During both meals wireless messages are exchanged. The Prince of Wales was much interested in this original plan, which seemed to him "a very fine practical expression of the spirit of Christmas." The Prince hoped, too, that "the movement may spread, and that it may be the means of providing many who could not otherwise afford it with a good Christmas dinner."

All sorts of bodies and societies could provide dinners for their poorer brethren if they followed the plan of the Cairo Y.M.C.A.

A PARIS WEDDING *P & A*

Sir James Dunn with his bride, Lady Queensberry, after their recent wedding in Paris. The ceremony was performed by the Mayor of the First Arrondissement

A Book of Débutantes

The publisher and editor of *The Débutante and Court Illustrated* (John Horn) seem to have lighted on a happy idea. This portly volume, which is in two editions, one at three guineas and the other at five, contains the photographs, admirably reproduced, of the *débutantes* at the Courts of last year, and thus constitutes a record which I should think they and their families would like to possess. The bewildering array of youth and beauty is prefaced by an interesting account of the origin of Courts.

Farringdon Photo Co.

THE STAGE OFF DUTY

A group of theatrical celebrities at the recent Stage Golfing Society's supper. The group includes: the American composer Mr. Irving Berlin and his wife, seen on the right; Miss Marie Lohr (left), Lady Du Maurier and Sir Gerald Du Maurier, Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, the playwright (standing left), and Miss Angela Du Maurier

Coming-of-Age at Longleat

There will be great doings this week at Longleat for the coming-of-age of Viscount Weymouth, the Marquis of Bath's only surviving son and heir. Lord Weymouth is the youngest of his parents' five children, and will succeed to the peerage through the death of his elder brother in the War just about the time when he, too, was of age. His eldest sister is Lady Kathleen Stanley, who married a brother of the present Lord Stanley of Alderley—a title to which that peer has reverted in preference to that of Lord Sheffield, which his father used after succeeding to that barony. The next sister is the Marchioness of Northampton, and the youngest is the beautiful Lady Mary Thynne, an intimate friend of Princess Mary and the Duchess of York. The principal event in the Longleat festivities will be a ball, for which the houses for miles round have been filled.

Concerning Peerages

Viscount Charlemont, who has succeeded the Marquis of Londonderry as Minister of Education for Northern Ireland, owes his peerage to the fact that no later creation of peerages in the same family overrides any earlier creations. Each peerage, and no matter how many of them, is a separate entity. The rights of succession are determined by the terms of the patent, such as to heirs male or, failing heirs male, heirs female, brothers, or nephews. Lord Charlemont's barony and viscounty came to him because the patent creating the barony in 1620 gave succession to a nephew. That nephew was succeeded by his two sons, the second of whom was created Viscount Charlemont by Charles II. In the middle of the next century, the Viscount Charlemont of the time was created Earl of Charlemont as a reward for raising a volunteer army in Ireland. In the year of Queen Victoria's succession he was given

Bassano

MISS JOYCE HATFEILD

The only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hatfeild, of Thorp Arch Hall, Yorkshire. Her engagement to Lord Allerton of the Coldstream Guards was recently announced

Bassano

AT THE RECEPTION

Mr. W. H. Bull with his bride, Miss Margaret Horne, after their wedding at King's Weigh House Church, Duke Street. Mrs. Bull is the second daughter of the late Mr. C. Silvester Horne and the Hon. Mrs. Horne

Bassano

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. J. C. Sterndale Bennett with his bride, Miss Dorothy Payne, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Cyril Payne and Mrs. Payne, after their wedding at the Brompton Oratory. Mr. Sterndale Bennett, who holds the C.M.G. and M.C., is in H.M. Diplomatic Service

A SERVICE WEDDING *G. P. U*

The Hon. Robert Southwell, R.N., eldest son of Lord and Lady Southwell, leaving St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Street, with his bride, Miss Violet Walshe. The bride is the only child of Paymaster-Commander F. W. Walshe, M.V.O., R.N., and Mrs. Walshe

the barony of Charlemont, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, which gave him the right to sit in the House of Lords. Until then he had been elected an Irish representative peer.

There were three Earls of Charlemont. When the third died, in 1892, the earldom and the Charlemont barony of the United Kingdom became extinct. But the Charlemont viscounty of 1665 and the barony of 1620 still existed. The heir to these was descended from the fifth son of the Viscount Charlemont who died in 1726—only a matter of more than a century and a half. And as the old patent still held good, this heir was succeeded by his nephew, the new Minister of Education for Northern Ireland.

What are called "remainders" in the patents of peerages are rarely given nowadays before the heirs male. The viscounty given to Lord Wolseley and the earldom to Lord Roberts with descent to their daughters, and the earldom given to Lord Kitchener with descent to his brother, are outstanding exceptions.

Recognition by Ankles?

PEOPLE who know all about these things—I never know how they do, but they speak with such an air of authority that you believe them without question—are talking of deep-laid plans amongst the milliners to abolish the pudding-basin hat. For my own part I shall be grateful if their plans are successful, for no more disguising form of headgear was ever invented.

When you go into a room at an afternoon party nowadays you see a row of feminine noses—that's all. The pudding-basin hats are all turned down, the collars of coats are all turned up, and there's hardly anything left by which you can recognise even a particular friend. The back view is even worse for recognition purposes, as practically every woman is a replica of her neighbour. A young man was complaining bitterly the other day at a party about the disguise and general uniformity of the present fashion feminine. He had got into trouble for failing to recognise a lady in whom he was much interested and who was much interested in him. "If this goes on," he said, "the only way we shall be able to recognise our women friends in their outdoor clothes will be by their ankles. Some of those are quite unmistakable."

A Peeress-Barrister

Lady Clifton has the distinction of being the first peeress to be called to the Bar. When her father, the late Earl of Darnley, died some twenty-five years ago, the earldom went to his brother, the then well-known cricketer Mr. Ivo Bligh, but the barony of Clifton of Leighton Bromswold descends in the female line in default of a direct male heir. Lady Clifton was the only child, and therefore the barony came to her.

There is another Clifton barony in the Darnley family, that of Clifton of Rathmore, and as this title is used by the heir to the earldom we have the unusual circumstance of two cousins being known by what appears to be the same title. Lady Clifton has not yet made up her mind whether she will practise at the Bar or not.

Celebrity Hunting

There is a lady in London who collects celebrities with the painstaking care of a millionaire connoisseur collecting Old Masters or carved ivories. But her methods of collection at times are unusually direct. Recently a young man made a success with a book. The lady had never met him, but she wrote asking him to luncheon on the following Tuesday. He replied, regretting his inability to accept the invitation, adding, "But will you lunch with me last Thursday?"

The lady answered immediately. She was sorry he could not come to her, but she would be delighted to lunch with him. He had said "last Thursday" in his letter, but she quite understood the mistake; obviously he had meant the coming Thursday. She received this reply:—

"D e a r ——,—No, there is no mistake. I meant last Thursday."

Celebrity-hunters sometimes get their rebuffs with a vengeance!

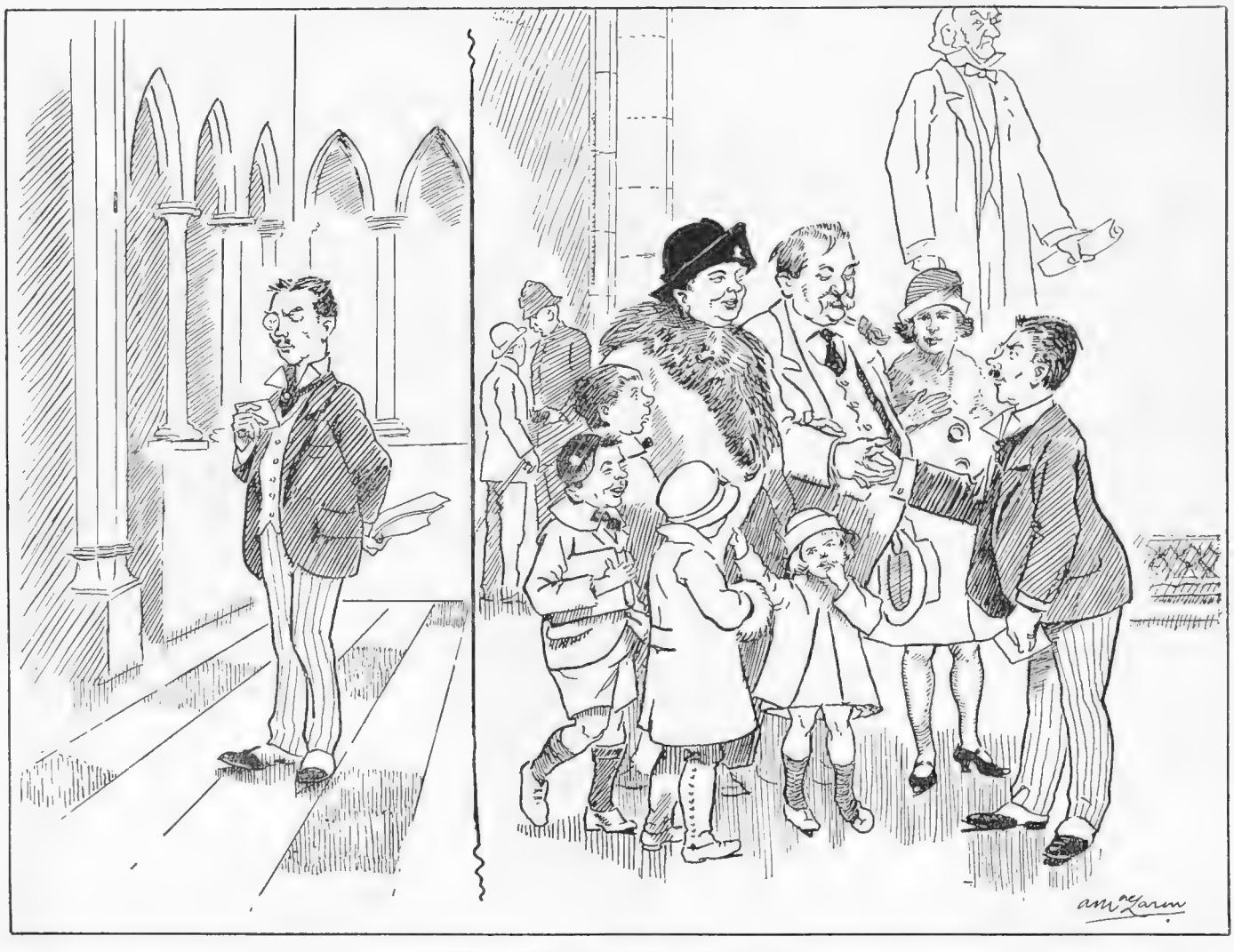
A FEBRUARY WEDDING *Vaughan & Freeman*

Miss Sylvia Paget, elder daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Muriel Paget. Her marriage to Mr. C. J. Chancellor will take place on Thursday, February 18, at Cranmore

Miss Paget's fiancé, Mr. C. J. Chancellor, the son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir John and Lady Chancellor. His parents are returning from Southern Rhodesia for the wedding

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES By Andrew MacLaren, M.P.

THE TRIALS OF REGINALD POTTS, MEMBER FOR NODDLEBANK



No. 2.—The Interrupted Speech

Mr. Reginald Potts, M.P., about to enter the Chamber of the House in order to make a stirring speech on "Performing Animals Bill," is handed a "Visitor's Card"

The Visitor (*chief supporter of Mr. Potts' opponent*): "We're takin' advantage of the cheap charabanc trip to London to-day, an' I thought I'd like to give the family their tea on the Terrace of the 'ouse"!!!

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"HENRY VIII AND HIS WIVES."

(By Walter Jerrold.)

HENRY
Had six queens, you remember :
That's a wife for each week-day
And the seventh day free. . . .

Need I proceed?
Here is the book
For all to read ;
Come, take a look.
The story tells
Of wedding bells
And funeral knells ;
A jangled chime
Of love and crime ;
Of tragic wives
Who lost their lives.
A lengthy list
Of killed and kissed
Co-Optimists.

Yet, Mr. Jerrold
Seems to me
Less critical
Than he should be.
He thinks—correct me, if I'm wrong—
That Henry's wives lived much too long.
That Anne Boleyn was better dead,
And lucky to have lost her head :
That Henry was a model king
Who loved his wives like anything.

That Hal was bluff,
But not too rough!

These thrills in plenty
You can get
For four and twenty
Shillings net ;
Quite nicely done
By Hutchinson.

PROFESSOR STRONG.

(Who does not see why boys should not take up needlework.)

HI!
You chaps!
Here's a guy
Wants us to sit
And knit

(One plain—one purl)
Like a girl
In a sewing class!
Silly ass!

Here's a report
From Colet Court :
" Your dear son
Is very wise,
He has won
The knitting prize."

"THE FARMER'S WIFE."

THIS simple tale concerns the plan
Of Farmer Sweetland, widow man,
To bring a wife to Applegarth
And populate his crowded hearth.
He had two daughters, as they tell,
Miss Sibley and Miss Petronell—
Young ladies, not devoid of charm,
Who helped their father on the farm—
Assisted by that comely wench,
The gentle Araminta Dench.

Well, Farmer Sweetland made it plain
That he would like to wed again,
And all the ladies that he knew ;
The spinsters and the widows, too ;
Were passed before him in review—
Excluding that most comely wench,
The gentle Araminta Dench.

Fearing some maiden might be missed,
The Farmer first compiled a list
Of Who was Who and Who was Not,
And, one by one, he wooed the lot ;
But when he would his heart bestow,
Each foolish virgin answered " No! "
He wooed each spinster in the town,
And, one by one, they turned him down,
Till Farmer Sweetland reckoned that
They didn't know what they was at!

And, all the time, that comely wench,
The gentle Araminta Dench ;
So fair of form, so sweet of face,
So " pillowy in the proper place " ;
So busy cleaning pot and pan,
Was worth her keep to any man.
She loved the man with all her might ;
She dreamt about him every night ;
Though Farmer Sweetland didn't know it
And she was much too nice to shew it.

The tale moves gently to its close—
You've guessed the ending, I suppose.

Marcel Le Noir

L'HEURE DE L'APÉRITIF
The animated scene in the Galeries Fleuries at Cannes, when they are filled with visitors discussing cocktails and the news of the day

The Riviera Week by Week

As four million square miles of severe wintry weather over Europe was reported this past week it was too much to expect that the French Riviera would entirely escape its share, and we have therefore had a week of exceptionally low temperature, while snow has even made its appearance in parts of the coast where it is almost unknown. We had our usual consolation, however, of knowing that the weather was much worse everywhere else, and, after all, there is no shortage of indoor entertainments when outdoor sports are temporarily held up. At the leading gala dinners all along the coast it is quite a common occurrence for applications for tables to be refused wholesale.

THE cold snap interfered somewhat with the international tournament at the New Courts Tennis Club at Cannes, but the beginning and the end were very successful, and some really notable games were seen. The event of the week was the much-heralded arrival of Miss Helen Wills from America, and she was welcomed at the station by a number of prominent tennis players, among them Colonel St. John Killery and Mr. Charles Aeschlimann. She has a very attractive personality, and seemed delighted to be on the French Riviera for the first time, and as soon as she had shaken off the dust of travel she proceeded straightway to the New Courts to see what our local standard of hard courts might be, and took tea later with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jay Gould. Everyone is looking forward eagerly to a contest between Miss Wills and Mlle. Lenglen, and the former entered at once for the ladies' singles at the Metropole tournament, which has commenced this week—but Mlle. Lenglen did not, so we must wait patiently a little longer. As the American champion has declared her intention of entering for all the ladies' singles during the next month or two there should be a chance of seeing this interesting encounter before long, and it will certainly draw an immense gallery.

FULLY PREPARED *L.N.A.*
Miss Eileen Bennett, who is among the army of enthusiastic tennis players on the Riviera, armed for the fray at Cannes

THE Earl and Countess of Birkenhead have left Cannes for a cruise on Sir Warden Chilcott's fine yacht *Dolphin*, on which they spent some time last summer exploring the Adriatic. Viscount and Viscountess Dunedin have just returned, with evident reluctance, to London, but new arrivals continue to be numerous. They include Sir Herbert and Lady Cory, Lord Roundway—for some years, as Mr. Charles E. A. Colston, the Conservative

Central News

ON THE TERRACE
Sir Hall Caine, with his son, Mr. G. R. Hall Caine, M.P., and his grandchildren photographed on the terrace at Monte Carlo

member for the Thornbury division—and Lady Roundway, Lady Mullens, Lady Drughorn, Lady Whitburgh, Mr. Valentine Williams, the noted novelist, and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Asprey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Martin White, Mr. and Mrs. John Borthwick, Mrs. Albert de Courville (Shirley Kellogg), Captain Sir Henry Wombwell, Bart., and Lady Wombwell, who is a daughter of the seventh Baron Vaux of Harrowden, Mr. Francis Dod, Squadron-Leader A. T. Currie, and Sir S. H. Fremantle, of the Indian Civil Service, and Lady Fremantle. Sir Joseph Hood of Wimbledon is expected this week with Lady Hood and their daughters, and Sir Thomas Dunlop, Bart., a former Lord Provost of Glasgow and director of the Royal Bank of Scotland, is also coming south with Lady Dunlop.

MORE polo players and their ponies are arriving every week, and matches take place almost daily at Mandelieu before large and smart crowds. Captain Gill, who has frequently played here, achieved a big sporting success last Sunday when he carried off the Grand Prix de Monte Carlo at the Nice races with his horse "Lustucru," before a huge gathering, which included well-known people from

(*Continued on page 184.*)

The Sporting Side of Switzerland

Sport and General

ROUND THE RINK

Sir Gilbert and Lady Garnsey setting out on the tour of the rink at St. Moritz, where the ice vies with the snow in its attraction for the visitors

L. N. A.

READY FOR THE RUN

A ski-ing septette at Mürren, which includes Capt. Darley Bridge, Mrs. Anthony Grinling, Mr. Nelson Keys, Dr. Macdonald Douglas, Mrs. Darley Bridge, and Mr. J. C. Bridge

Central Press

A FAST WICKET

Mr. A. E. R. Gilligan in play on a wicket at Wengen which should satisfy the most rabid apostle of brighter cricket. The wicket-keeper is his brother, Mr Frank Gilligan

Sport and General

STRETCHING THEIR LEGS

Miss K. Lancaster and Mr. H. W. Lowther, the champion waltzing couple, demonstrate how simple skating can be—when you know how!

Central News

OVER THE TOP

Miss Doreen Lambert, who is a visitor to Lenk, about to start the "facilis descensus" which so often ends in a "header" into the snow

A "FRIEZE" ON THE ICE

Mrs. Woolland, Mr. R. Lomax, Miss Harding and Miss Woolland seek inspiration from the art of ancient Greece on the ice at St Moritz

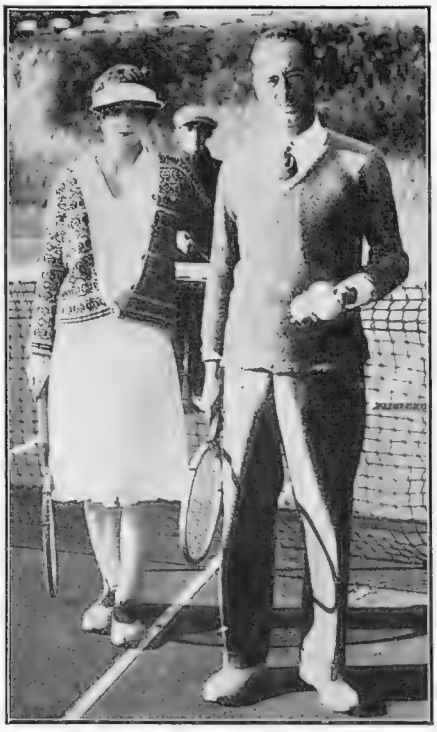
all parts of the Continent, and at least three ex-Lord Mayors of London.

Sir Jesse and Lady Boot lent their house, the Villa Springland, for a lecture by Dr. Delisle Burns, of the University of London, on the League of Nations, and to the surprise of those concerned in the arrangements no less than 180 people turned up, although the villa is not in a very central situation. It speaks volumes for the domestic efficiency of Lady Boot that not only seating accommodation, but afternoon tea, was provided for everyone present! Few villas round here could have managed that.

The charity gala, "The Romance of the Rose," which is to be held on February 11th, at the Casino, in aid of the Franco-Russian Homes, looks like being a brilliant affair. The list of lady patronesses has now been issued, and includes, among others, the following names: the Duchesse de Vendôme, Countess Torby, Lady Boot, Elizabeth Lady Cheylesmore, Marquise d'Assche, Mrs. Van Alen, Marquise du Bourg de Bozas, Mrs. Henry Clewes, Mrs. Barton French, Lady Coats, Lady Crosfield, Princess Ghika, Princess Galitzine, Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, Lady Johnstone, Princess Karageorgevitch, Comtess de la Salle, Mrs. W. J. Locke, Lady Mandleberg, Lady Meux, Lady Orr-Lewis, the Ranee of Pudukota, Diana Lady Rhodes, Countess Sondes, Margaret Lady Waterlow, Mrs. J. G. Taylor, Lady Wavertree, and Lady Wester Wemyss. The Paris edition of an American daily caused considerable merriment by printing the other day a complete report of the proceedings at this gala, which they asserted had taken place the previous night!

It has been decided to erect a memorial to the late Major-General Lord Cheylesmore, who was for so many years one of the most distinguished and popular members of the British colony in Cannes, and donations may now be sent to Mr. J. G. Taylor, British vice-consul, at Barclay's Bank. The memorial will be placed in the Royal Memorial Church of St. George's, of which Lord Cheylesmore was an active supporter.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has arrived at Cap Ferrat on a visit to her brother, the Duke of Connaught. He has been far from well since his arrival on the Riviera, and has been very seldom seen out of doors, and everyone is hoping that the warmer days may bring about a welcome improvement in our Royal resident's condition.



SUZANNE'S RIVAL *Topical*

Miss Helen Wills, the American lady lawn tennis champion, photographed on the Metropole Courts at Cannes with Major J. Rendell. Miss Wills has entered for several Riviera tournaments

There is no more popular winter visitor than the Duke, and widespread sympathy has been shown with him on his continued indisposition.

Other visitors from the north who have come south in search of the sun are Lady Durand, who is here for two months, Lady Somerleyton, at Menton until April, Major-General Sir Reginald and Lady Thynne, who are at the Eden Hotel at Cap d'Ail, Lord Arlington, at Beaulieu, and Sir Herbert and Lady Barker, who are at Nice. Sir John and Lady Latta are at Monte Carlo, and Lady Latta's daughter, Comtesse de Cramayel, is coming to join them next month. They will not return to Portman Square until the end of March. Abbas Helm, the ex-Khedive of Egypt, is an interesting visitor to Monte Carlo, where he has recently arrived on his yacht, the *Nimet Allah*, and another striking personality from the East is the Rajah of Vizianagram, who is staying at the Imperial at Menton with the Ranee and a suite of attendants. They gave a tea-party at the Casino the other day, and followed it up by witnessing a cinema performance and a French comedy, and visited the gambling rooms later, being evidently most interested in all they saw. Blasco Ibanez, the Spanish novelist and politician, is at his villa, Fontana Rosa, at Menton, and is often seen in Monte Carlo. Play has been high of late in the Rooms, and Miss Muriel Dunsmuir, the wealthy Canadian heiress, after several weeks of bad luck, is said to have won fifteen maximums in succession, and collected about 180,000 francs.

Central News

IN A RIVIERA GARDEN

Baroness Orczy, the famous novelist, in a quiet corner of the garden. The photograph was taken at her residence, the Villa Bijou at Monte Carlo

Central News

PLACES IN THE SUN

A photograph taken in the sunshine of Monte Carlo. In the group are Capt. John Hare (left), Mr. A. Ellis-Griffiths, Lady Ellis-Griffiths, Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim and Mrs. Hare

Mr. A. C. Destree, playing at the Hyères Golf Club with Colonel Payne, has just done the 15th hole (155 yards) in one, while Major Ewart has done the same at the 6th hole, which is 170 yards. The classical concerts at Hyères Casino twice weekly are proving a great attraction, especially during the recent cold weather.

Douglas W. Thorburn.

"Just a Song at Twilight"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE CAT BURGLAR: "It's very thoughtful to provide us blokes with wireless, no doubt, but what we wants is something soothin' when on a 'ard night's work, and not so much of these bloomin' atmospherics"

THE RUGGER WORLD

ENGLAND HANGS ON

By "PENDARVES"

This year's England *v.* Wales match at Cardiff left us with a feeling of elation at the end of that dramatic game. For, in spite of an unsatisfactory draw, England had at least held on. Thinking it over in the train on the way home we realised that the whole gamut of the emotions had been stirred, and we were very, very tired. So were the English team: "done in" to a man is the only way to describe their condition.

Our feelings ran somewhat this course:—A white world all the way down. What on earth will the ground be like? Impossibly hard, surely? And, on arrival, a smiling sun, clear sky, a beautifully green playing pitch with flecks of the protecting straw still upon it. Very fast, evidently. A game was toward in which only the very fittest would survive. The usual white wall of faces everywhere. The usual intensely moving *mise en scène,* coloured by that storm-brewing Welsh singing *en masse* (and how beautiful and thrilling it is!) which so unnerved the stoic New Zealanders in 1905. The battle of that day seemed but a yesterday as one listened to the same deep-throated melodies in the same tense surroundings. One thought with sympathy of the six new English caps in the dressing rooms, strangers to this ordeal, and wondered how they were feeling.

And then, of course, that unruly Welsh crowd, the flame of battle already in their eyes and voices, must needs break ground behind one of the goalposts, with cheers and dangerous laughter. Ugly rushes followed, the Welsh police fighting gamely but ineffectually. An excited crowd on the move is a fearsome thing.

On trot the white-clad men first. One's heart misses a beat or two. A defiant roar of welcome. Then the red jerseys and blue shorts—a greater roar: a frenzy of patriotism. *N-o-w!* Off goes Wales with a tremendous rush of heavy, resolute forwards. They are all men inspired by the acclamations of their countrymen; who would not be, with 40,000 lusty throats goading you on?

But not so fast. St-e-a-dy. England has smelt battle too, now. In the first minute every one of those white jerseys has been down, heavily. That is enough! Our blood is up! I doubt whether any of England's men thereafter was not oblivious of that ceaseless roar, as of lions. As the fight develops—and say what you will it *was* a fight (though fairly clean and healthy on the whole) from vigorous beginning to staggering end—one sees that England is holding her own, and a little bit more. She is giving all she gets, with interest at 5 per cent. Good! We glance silently at each other in the stand, and hunch our shoulders and glue our eyes upon the battle working out its destiny below. Around us there is babel. But in our hearts rests a quiet confidence. We have got some warriors who can play this game until further orders if need be. All is well. . . .

Look at Tommy Voyce, playing his twenty-fourth game for England—all merry and bright as usual, and in it up to the chin wherever the mauling is most messy, enjoying every jolting minute of it. You can't help loving men like this. And "Wakers," his record-breaking game: his twenty-sixth cap for England: doing three men's work: always on the ball with incomparable judgment and splendid élan. It was fitting that England's only score should have been his. And *what* a try! It was superb. Few men living could have got it. We were attacking all through that grim first half, and then reward came. The ball got loose in mid-field, and Francis picked up. He was half tackled but shook himself clear. Then he was off on one of those corkscrew runs that made his name. Wakefield was up (he always is) and took the pass beautifully. He was off, too, with the enemy all round him. For thirty yards he fought them one by one, going like Hades all the time, and scored our 3 points like the great player he is, far out but well over. Half-time, 3-0.

And now comes the terrible strain, the ferocity, the "incidents," the heavy banging, the continual bone-rattling shocks of impact. Andrews gets over in the corner for Wales, and the crowd sweeps on to the ground again to thank him personally. Well, apart from the etiquette of the business, it gave us a few moments' pause wherein to collect our last reserve of strength—it had that advantage, anyway.

Can we hang on? That is the only intense question. Will some of our frailer men crack? Can Kittermaster stand much more punishment? Can Robson-Harvey, whom the referee has warned for desperate self-defence? We are being pushed off the ball every time now. The limit of human endurance is being reached. We are giving away weight. We are tiring visibly, ominously. . . . But they called up that reserve which our men are able to do on great occasions, though seemingly half-dead; and England hung on, keeping up her end.

And why say any more? For is not this the whole purport and principle of the greatest of all our games?

E. T. STOREY By Charles Ambrose

Who was Captain of the Cambridge University Golfing Society, defeated Roger Wethered in the last Amateur Championship, but afterwards went down to Sir Ernest Holderness in the Final. The drawing shows his peculiar putting grip

From Our Portrait Gallery

Yevonde

THE MISSES DAPHNE AND PAMELA GLADSTONE

The children of Mr. W. B. Gladstone, and grand-daughters of the late Sir Stewart Colvin Bayley. Miss Pamela Gladstone, whose engagement to Mr. Eustace Tennyson D'Eyncourt was recently announced, was one of last year's débutantes

Produced December 23, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

IN the ordinary way we should, I suppose, class blue kittens with purple cows and other comparatively rare phenomena; but the cerulean feline in this case merely gives its decorative name to a fashionable Paris restaurant. The Blue Kitten does not materialise in any other way, unless it be to the restaurant's more ardent patrons who have wined not wisely but too well. I have always thought that the old Latin tag of *in vino veritas* needed occasional qualification, because although an over-liberal patronage of the wine list may produce a lively spectacle of blue kittens trying to race pink Polar bears up the wall, these things cannot be said to be true. This, however, as you may have noticed, is entirely by the way. The chief claim of the Blue Kitten Restaurant to public notice is the fact that the head porter there is Mr. W. H. Berry, masquerading as Christopher Popp.

MR. POPP has been in the porter industry for some years, and contemplates retiring on his savings. How head porters of restaurants manage to accumulate wealth in appreciable quantities only head porters of restaurants know. We get, however, one casual hint of at least one source of income, when the head porter is requested by one of the fair guests of the hotel to change a Bank of England note for five pounds into French currency. By turning the rate of exchange upside down, and making a liberal deduction on account of indirect taxation and the price of beer, Mr. Popp fixes the value of the note at twenty francs. I am not mathematician enough to be able to calculate the percentage of profit on the deal, but I can declare with every confidence that there has been no loss on Mr. Popp's side. This little incident, one of the earliest in the piece, is conducted by Mr. Berry with the ripe and unctuous humour that is so much to the taste of his public.

MR. POPP leads a double life. At the restaurant he is merely the imposing head porter and general snapper-up of unconsidered trifles in remunerative quantities. At home, he is a landed proprietor, with a château at Fontainebleau, an aristocratic wife and a charming daughter. Mrs. Popp is such a great lady that she would be horrified to learn the true source of her husband's wealth, and the fun of the piece consists mostly in more or less futile efforts to hide the disastrous truth from her. The missing link is supplied by the young Marquis du Velin, who has fallen deeply in love with Miss Madeleine Popp at the château, and who is also an *habitué* of the fashionable restaurant in Paris. This complication introduces Mr. Roy Royston, who sings to us that he has found a "Bud Among the Roses." This, to be sure, is not a very remarkable find, as horticulture goes, but as romantic poetry it, at least, sounds all right. Besides, the melody is one of the most charming of the musical numbers of the piece, and the words of a popular song never did matter very much anyway.

Stage Photo Co.

A BIT OF HANKY-PANKY

Dallas Welford (left), Estelle Brody, Ethel Levey, W. H. Berry and Margaret Halston show what they consider to be the best way to avoid catching mumps

IN the second act we are taken to the château itself. It is here that the Marquis has called to "ask Papa," quite unaware that the landed proprietor of whom he stands in so much awe is identical with the head porter in Paris who has taken a tip from him many a time for nebulous services rendered. In due course

Stage Photo Co.

DANCING STEP-SISTERS IN ACTION

The Irwin Sisters, who hail from the one-time Land of Liberty, kicking over the traces

Mr. Popp appears. He has been shooting on his estate, and he comes on the scene with a couple of diminutive and attenuated birds which look as if they had been caught by the strictly orthodox method of putting salt on their tails. Mr. Berry is full of comic resource in his anxiety to avoid recognition by the young man. Such a catastrophe would, of course, betray Mr. Popp's secret to his haughty wife, and the consequences might be fatal, or thereabouts. So Mr. Berry begins by turning his back on the Marquis, and disguising his voice, and then as a culminating absurdity, he snatches a bunch of moss from a plant growing near and wears it as an improvised beard. It is all the wildest nonsense, of course; but it is done with such a happy spontaneity that it seems for the moment quite the most natural thing to have done, and the shout of laughter that greets the scene must be heard to be believed.

THE Marquis has the usual complication of the Parisian *jeunesse dorée*. The lady in the case is a chorus girl from the Folies Bergère, and naturally loves him too much to see him throw himself away on a merely pretty and unsophisticated young girl. This racy part is played by Miss Ethel Levey, who has the one song of the evening that seems to fit in with the title of the piece, its name being "Meow!" The chorus consists mostly of melodious caterwauling, which tells a story by itself. Appropriately enough, the song is of the "catty" order. That is, it is a plain hint from one woman to another woman's disadvantage, a habit said (libellously, no doubt) to be practised with the keenest enjoyment by the gentler sex. In one instance during the song, mention was made of a young lady, formerly in humble circumstances, who suddenly came into the happy possession of furs and diamonds. Me-ow! The eloquence of a Demosthenes could hardly be more explicit. Miss Levey sings with a nice appreciation of the comic sense, and she seems to infuse into the ladies of the chorus a new vitality which is all to their advantage. Miss Levey also dances with a lively grace that is one of the bright particular spots of the entertainment.

MR. BERRY is always at his best in the straight business of singing a comic song without any trimmings, and his little outbreak in this direction entitled "Summer Is Here," is I think his best effort of the evening. It is true that the song is very well written, and the melody has a fascinating swing of its own, but I doubt if anyone else in the company but Mr. Berry could have given it quite the snap that makes it so successful. Mr. Bobby Howes represents Octave, the hopeful nephew of the prosperous Popp. The idea is that Octave shall succeed his uncle in the porter business, and he is brought to the hotel to learn the ropes, as it were. He soon masters the rudiments of his job sufficiently to begin making love to the lady cashier, and his obviously misplaced attachment prompts him to sing to her a haunting song of sentiment entitled "I Could Do a Lot for You," which seems destined to become popular. Mr. Howes shines also as a humorist and dancer, and if he can work up his part a little more he should prove an all-round success.

MR. CLAUDE BAILEY is the serious vocalist of the evening, but he has no chance of giving us as liberal a taste of his quality as could be desired, as he has only two songs booked to him on the programme. Miss Margaret Halstan, whom we know as an emotional actress of distinction, does all that is possible with the slight part of Mrs. Popp, but she has hardly been given the opportunity she deserves in the production. The Misses Patsy and Billie Irwin are attractive speciality dancers, and there is the usual young and lovely chorus. But it is Mr. Berry who seems to me to carry the whole weight of the entertainment on his shoulders, as far at least as the humour is concerned, and since the other humorists on the spot have got their opportunity, they ought to take it with both hands. The production is splendidly mounted and has evidently cost quite a lot of good money, but as a whole it did not seem to me to be up to the very high standard hitherto set by the Gaiety management. Probably, however, by the time these lines are in print it will have been pulled together, and will have become an established favourite.

JINGLE.

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

BOXING is said to be becoming popular with actresses. We can see Evelyn Laye out most of her rivals.

. . . . . .

"LET me into the Board room at once, I'm one of the director's wives."

"Very sorry, mum," replied the commissionaire, "but I couldn't do so—not if you wos 'is only wife."

. . . . . .

A FORMER well-known billiards player in Nottingham has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday. It is believed that he is playing a hundred up.

. . . . . .

A VOLUME dealing with the life of Oscar Browning, the famous "O.B." of Cambridge, is shortly to be published. We trust that it will contain plenty of his *OBiter dicta*.

. . . . . .

THERE is a well-known Bridge club in the West End of London which is known as The Pounce Club. We suggest for them the familiar motto :—"Take care of the pence and the Pounce will take care of itself."

. . . . . .

TO-DAY'S invitation :—"Will you have this one with me? There is a 'nip' in the air."

. . . . . .

WE notice with pleasure that Mr. Alec Waugh is publishing another book. We have often wondered whether he was responsible for the phrase, "The Waugh to end the Waugh."

. . . . . .

SOME girls we know are so passionately addicted to needlework that they will even embroider their arguments.

"WOULD you call Mrs. Jones a snob?"

"Well, all I can say is she harps on the Upper Ten like a recurring decimal!"

. . . . . .

A SONG-WRITER is of the opinion that the sillier the refrain of a song the greater is its chance of success. Then we ought to make a fortune out of this lyric :—

Carry an umbrella when it rains,
When it dowses down the window panes :
Leave your own best gal;
Cut your dearest pal—BUT,
Carry an umbrella when it rains!

. . . . . .

AN American journalist says that most differences can be settled if the parties concerned would meet over the Bridge table. But with the price of the commodity what it is, there wouldn't be much chance of a quiet "rubber."

. . . . . .

ONE of the great advantages of possessing a diary is the satisfaction of turning over a new leaf every day.

"S'TREWTH!" By R. H. EVENS

WE have just heard of an optimistic diner who invariably starts with a dozen oysters trusting that he may discover a pearl in one of them which will enable him to pay for his dinner.

. . . . . .

"THAT little devil of a dog wants more exercise," remarked its angry owner as he surveyed a chewed-up slipper. Ten minutes later he observed his small son chivvying the pup round the garden with the idea as he expressed it "of exorcising the devil."

. . . . . .

GIRLS may be scantily dressed nowadays, but we object to any Mrs. Grundy describing the period as the Garb Age.

. . . . . .

WE have recently been reading an author who described clapping in the theatre as, "the loud collision of applauding gloves."

. . . . . .

HIGHBROWS are always inclined to raise their eyebrows at lowbrows. Personally we belong to a tolerant group of middle-browsers.

. . . . . .

A LADY journalist says that betting has done more harm than flirting ever did. In fact, the certs are more dangerous than the flirts.

. . . . . .

A WRITER in the Press says that he is blind to the annoyance caused by children playing the piano. We wish the scales would fall from *his* eyes!

. . . . . .

GREETINGS.

Though each mad ranter
Talk himself blue
In a decanter,
Still we'll win through;
Though 'tis an ill age,
Though we've no wealth,
Lads of the village,
Here's jolly good health!

. . . . . .

"BETTING," we read, "is on the increase among the colliers of South Wales." It is to be hoped that there will be no increase of Welshers.

. . . . . .

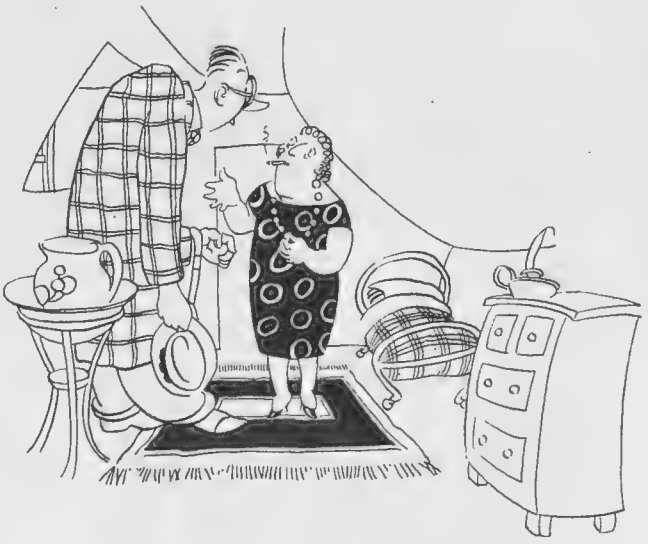
A JOURNAL, devoted to religious instruction, has been publishing a series of articles entitled "Texts That Have Helped." We believe our flappers could be equally interesting on "Hims That Have Helped."

. . . . . .

AFTER the exhibition of Sargents, we confidently expect to be able to inspect a collection of Constables.

The Price of Things

A SHILLING A HUNDRED



TWO-AND-A-HALF GUINEAS PARTIAL

A SHILLING A MILE

FIVE GUINEAS

FIFTY GUINEAS

TWENTY-NINE AND SIXPENCE

BY FOUET

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"I am now using up my old stocks of clothes"

MES AMIS—

MOST ambitious of recent Paris plays, "*La Viveuse et le Moribund*" is already a "high-brow" success, and may conceivably be acceptable to a section of the public. But it can scarcely be other than the thinking section of the public. And though the thinking section of the public may be of stronger proportions than in some other places, it is to be doubted whether it is sufficiently numerous even in Paris to ensure a run to the *centième*.

THERE is a possibility, however, that other sections of the public may be attracted by the title, only to find they have been under a misapprehension. It may seem presumptuous on the part of an Englishman to query the French of a master like M. François de Curel, but after all it is the foreigner who sees most of Montmartre, and one feels confident that *viveuse* will be interpreted by many folk as the modern feminine counterpart of *viveur*—a sort of matured *garçonne*, whereas the author intends to imply resurrection in the loftiest sense.

"LA VIVEUSE ET LE MORIBUND" is a war-play to the extent that it deals with a mental and moral conflict which is a direct outcome of the war. Paris in the past few years has shown as little liking for war-plays as other Allied capitals, but it is thought there is now less hostility to dramatic handling of war subjects and, *quand-même*, the war still dominates, in various forms of *bouleversement* which are still far from being righted.

PHILIPPE DE POMMERIEUX, the Moribund, is one of the many who surprised themselves by being heroic in war, but found he could not live up to his own standard in the *après-guerre*, and dropped down and down in the scale of values as he failed in his own estimation. So deeply has he drunk of the dregs that he has reached the decision to commit suicide, at the point where the play opens, as the only way of easing his violently troubled conscience. The piece is therefore a profound study of "resurrectional" efforts, a dramatising of ideas and lofty sentiments, sometimes with a background of destiny, in the confronting of which M. François de Curel is a practised and finished craftsman.

WHEN people are the more inclined to say that playwrights and novelists "create" personages who are too "good," somebody comes into the news to prove that, so far from being over-audacious, writers are over-timid. No novelist would have dared, for example, to "invent" Mme. Cognacq, owner along with her husband of the great department stores, *La Samaritaine*, who recently died, possibly the wealthiest woman in France. Mme. Cognacq began life as a shop-girl, and her husband as a shop-assistant. Together, after saving a little money, they opened a little shop which they developed into a very big shop, the profits from which made them exceedingly rich.

"A matured 'garçonne'"

SO far the *histoire* is not extraordinarily uncommon, but where it begins to be exceptional is that after making the fortune Mme. Cognacq lived as modestly as before, continued to go down to the *Samaritaine*, and, of the millions of francs that were accumulating, gave most of them to charities. She was truly the good Samaritan, and Paris will miss her generosity.

A LITTLE tale will illustrate the preference of the Cognacqs for simplicity. After fifty years of strenuous efforts in the shop and on behalf of charities they realised they had never left Paris. They bought a couple of tickets for Nice

(Continued on page 194)

A "Scene" Behind the Scenes

Spinelly as "the woman in the case" and M. Allover as the lion-tamer in a little argument behind the scenes of the circus. This is an incident in M. Alfred Savoir's new play, "Le Dompteur," which has created such a sensation in Paris, as much by the unconventionality of its construction as by the striking story it tells

and boarded a night train. Once settled down they looked at one another and saw no signs of enthusiasm. The first stop was La Roche. There was no need to exchange a word. Together they rose from their seats and stepped down on the platform, though it was nearly midnight. They took the first train back to Paris.

ALMOST terrifying, is it not, how on some days—and not only the thirteenth—one can bring just the wrong people into contact, and without the slightest forewarning. When Capt. Gordon Canning was in Paris as the peace emissary of Abd el Krim, the Riffain chief who has worried the best soldiers of Spain and France, I took him to a lunch. Who should be sitting beside us but Mr. Alexander Moore, the American Ambassador to Spain, who is almost more pro-Spanish than King Alfonso. And, as if this meeting should not be enough, who should come in a few minutes later but another old friend of mine in Col. Sweeney, who organised and led the squadron of American airmen which tried to bomb the almost invisible Riffains on behalf of France and the Sultan of Morocco. It will be gathered that it was scarcely a union of hearts.

"Changing clothes with her 'femme de chambre'"

"La Chaloupée"

THESE American free-lance airmen, all of them very fine fellows, have, by the way, had to stand a lot of "ragging." Most of them did a bit of war "corresponding" to eke out the very small pay, and it is alleged that the one casualty they caused—in Shesbuan—was not due to a bomb but to a portable typewriter that fell overboard. This may be slightly exaggerated, but Col. Sweeney himself will admit that the Riffains were a very difficult target to find.

LIKE the citizens of every other European capital, Parisians have had to endure, since the war, the unpleasant and sometimes insolent displays of wealth on the part of *nouveaux riches*. Most affected by this personally, of course, were the folk who had the field of display to themselves formerly. For a while they affected a lofty scorn of the usurpers and, practically speaking, secluded themselves so that there could be no confusion, but lately they have taken the offensive to the end of establishing a line of cleavage.

THE men among them appear at social functions with an obviously cultivated air of poverty, and, leading the conversation in the desired direction, will remark, "I am now using up my old stocks of clothes, being unable to order new ones at the price they have reached." Then, displaying the tailor's calico slip in the inside pocket of the dinner-jacket, they will emphasise that it carries the date of nineteen-fourteen. The idea is to prove that they had a fully stocked wardrobe in the pre-war days, thus separating them from those whose present overcrowded wardrobe has only a year or two of existence. Maybe they obtain an entire self-satisfaction, but the bulk of the *nouveaux riches* are much too thick-skinned to feel the rapier touch.

SOMEBODY or other, *vu* the inability to invent a new dance that can capture the popular taste, is proposing to revive the *chaloupée*, and immediately are to be heard, from other quarters, warnings of the dangers to which Paris will be exposed if the idea of the revival is carried out. It appears that the *chaloupée*, which was danced on the fortifications and outer boulevards quite a bit before our time, was regarded in those days as a very naughty dance, and any *femmes du monde* who wished to try it could only do so by borrowing the clothes of their *femmes de chambre* and risking an excursion to the battlements. But we have also heard that there was a time when the waltz was considered wicked.

RENÉ.

THE THOUGHTFUL MUSICIAN

BY LENDON

THE CO-OPTIMISTS

Our artist's impression of the cheery company who are now making glad the heart of man—to say nothing of woman and chil
Cicely James, Gilly Flower, Stanley Holloway, Doris Bentley, Wolseley Charles, Betty Chest

BY M. MACMICHAEL

S IN ACTION

ild—with their eleventh programme, at His Majesty's Theatre. The group includes: Austin Melford, Melville Gideon, ster, Gilbert Childs AND (in capital letters!) the leader of the gang, Davy Burnaby

THE TAILOR MAID

TO AN EDITOR of 2126

By Basil Macdonald Hastings.

Illustrated by LEO CHENEY

SIR,—

I WHO write this was a journalist. I was born in 1881, and at the moment do not know the date of my death. If you are curious you will look up the record at Somerset House.

What did I die of? Did I die rich? You smile because the breed of journalists is unlikely to have changed, and you will know that they do not acquire wealth. A journalist of my time did leave a fortune of £35,000, however, and it is pleasant to be able to record that the whole of that sum, with the exception of half a crown, was left to him by a rich uncle.

In this connection let me tell you a story of a journalist who, after passing from newspaper office to newspaper office for many years, was forced to accept the post of box-office keeper at a theatre. Five minutes after he had opened his office on the first morning of his engagement a man asked for two stalls and put down their price. The ex-journalist handed over the tickets, and then gazed with wide-eyed astonishment at the money. "Don't be silly," he said, and insisted on his customer returning the money to his pocket. Of course, he broke himself of this habit before very long, but the story shows that no man can bring himself to accept money from another until he has had a little practice.

I would give a good deal to know the names of my contemporaries that are familiar to you. One of the most accomplished men of our time, Mr. Max Beerbohm, once wrote a story in which he depicted himself as selling his soul to the devil for an anticipatory peep at the British Museum library catalogue of many years later. He saw the catalogue, and found that the only entry against his name was a short story then in the reader's hands.

Now I am confident that Max was too modest. You will be familiar with his essays. There may even be an edition in your office library. Then I am going to guess also that you have at least heard of Lytton Strachey and Father Martindale.

Dear editor of 2126, does the name of George Bernard Shaw mean anything to you? He was one of our prize shrinking violets. When an editor wanted a story in our time he would send a young reporter down to Adelphi Terrace to shout shibboleths outside Shaw's window.

"A stitch in time saves nine," would shout your reporter. Then Shaw would put his head out of the window and reply:

"Those other eight stitches mean less unemployment."

This would appear on the front page of a daily newspaper headed "Dramatist's Remedy for Women on the Dole."

I have no doubt that the names of both Shaw and Barrie are familiar to you, but I would give a good deal to know in what way. My prophecy is that the earlier Shaw plays are known only to the highest of your highbrows, but that his greatest play, *St. Joan*, is being performed regularly in your time. I also prophesy that Barrie will be known to you one and all, from the highest to the lowest, not necessarily for the merit of his plays, but for the classic beauty and truth of an address he gave in St. Andrews University on "Courage."

Sir James Barrie also lived in Adelphi Terrace, and the reporters were told that they could always find his flat because his window-sills were the only ones where you never saw any sparrows. Sir James loved everything in life with the exception of publicity, and whenever he saw a journalist he would put his pipe in his pocket.

The theatre managers thought a great deal of him and used to put his name in letters of fire outside the theatres. This was distasteful to the modest author, and when a friend one day asked him why he lived in a flat facing the river he pointed to a huge electric sign on the other side of the water, and said:

"It keeps down my pride to be reminded constantly that I shall never see myself in letters as big as that Tooth Paste."

I don't want to puzzle you, dear editor of 2126, but does the name of Arnold Bennett convey anything to you? Mr. Arnold Bennett was a well-known married man of our time who also wrote novels. His wife wrote a book stating her belief in Arnold Bennett, and Mr. Arnold Bennett, deprived of his pet subject, turned to the then only possible alternative, viz., God, in Whom, however, he did not find himself able to believe. No, Mr. Editor of 2126, somehow I think it is extremely unlikely that you have ever heard of Mr. Arnold Bennett.

Has London been completely Americanised? And, if so, where do the English journalists meet? Surely they have some colony where an effort is made to exclude foreign expressions and foreign accents. I know that speech must change and, if you can still listen to gramophone records of our voices, you must find us utterly unintelligible. But never forget that if you think our accent unspeakable we would probably regard yours as unwhisperable.

Is there any grass left in England save on golf courses? No doubt Hyde Park has been built over and sky-scrapers stand where once we skated on the Serpentine, but I do hope there

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

are patches of green left in the country whereupon you can rest your tired eyes. How odd it must be for you to read the alleged poetry of our period with its unrecognisable references to such strange things as woods and meadows, orchards and country lanes. No doubt you still have gardens, but we have the advantage of you at any rate in the matter of having lived when England was still a garden, even if in process of destruction.

I am particularly curious to know what sort of food you are eating. I am writing in the winter when a man rightly or wrongly turns to heavy food. Are you a mere muncher of tablets and have you perchance to keep the cold out with a spoonful or so of essence? Have you any teeth left, or has civilisation reduced everything to such softness that the need for teeth has disappeared? In our time you must know we had an army of professional torturers known as dentists whom we paid to punish us for neglecting these very teeth which you may never have known.

I hope to amuse you, dear editor of 2126, when I prophesy that the great bulk of you are vegetarians and know nothing of spirituous liquors. It is not my wish that you should suffer this curse, but I cannot fail to observe tendencies, however sad they may be. Is it possible, for instance, that on a severe winter's day you cannot put all right with a plate of pickled pork and pease pudding? Are you denied the temporal and spiritual consolation of Burgundian wines? Do you ascend your office stairs after lunch without the supreme consolation of a Havana cigar?

Do people still advertise in your newspaper or is all advertising vocal and sent across the wireless? Do the proprietors of patent medicines hire periods of time on the broadcasting programmes? I ask these questions because I believe the great danger to the newspaper press is the smallness of the type used in its composition. Here in 1926 every other person has to wear glasses, generally from childhood upward. I can see coming the necessity for increasing the size of newspaper type. Owing to the fact that wireless will let all hear what they want to know, the tendency will be to use the sight less and less. Advertising destined to catch the eye will most certainly pass though it may not be till after your time. It is advertising that engages the ear that will build up the great businesses of the future.

The effect on the human form should be very interesting. The eye will have a tendency to recede into the head, and people I imagine will only open it when they want to endorse cheques. Look at yourself now in the glass, and then look at the photographs in the illustrated papers of 1926. Speed of living will be found to have created a new kind of man.

How do you all dress? We feel that in what is called the lounge suit we have the most comfortable and practical garment ever devised for men. By that we mean that it suits our times and our manners. But what will be your conditions and your manners? Clothes may be definitely in your way and a loin cloth may be the only wear. When the editors of your time put on their motor wings in the morning and fly to their offices, little children may look up and ask their mothers if these be the Seraphim or the Cherubim.

You will have noted that so far I have assumed that you are of the masculine sex. It is a little rash and it may well be that women are dominant in your time even to the extent of writing the leading articles and giving the racing tips. If you are a woman do you put the fashion designs on the front page? For, whatever *men* may be reduced to, I am sure that in two hundred years' time women will at any rate have clung to their shoulder straps. Hair they may have lost entirely, owing to an unfortunate practice started in my time, but it is inconceivable that they will not cover their bald scalps with Paris hats.

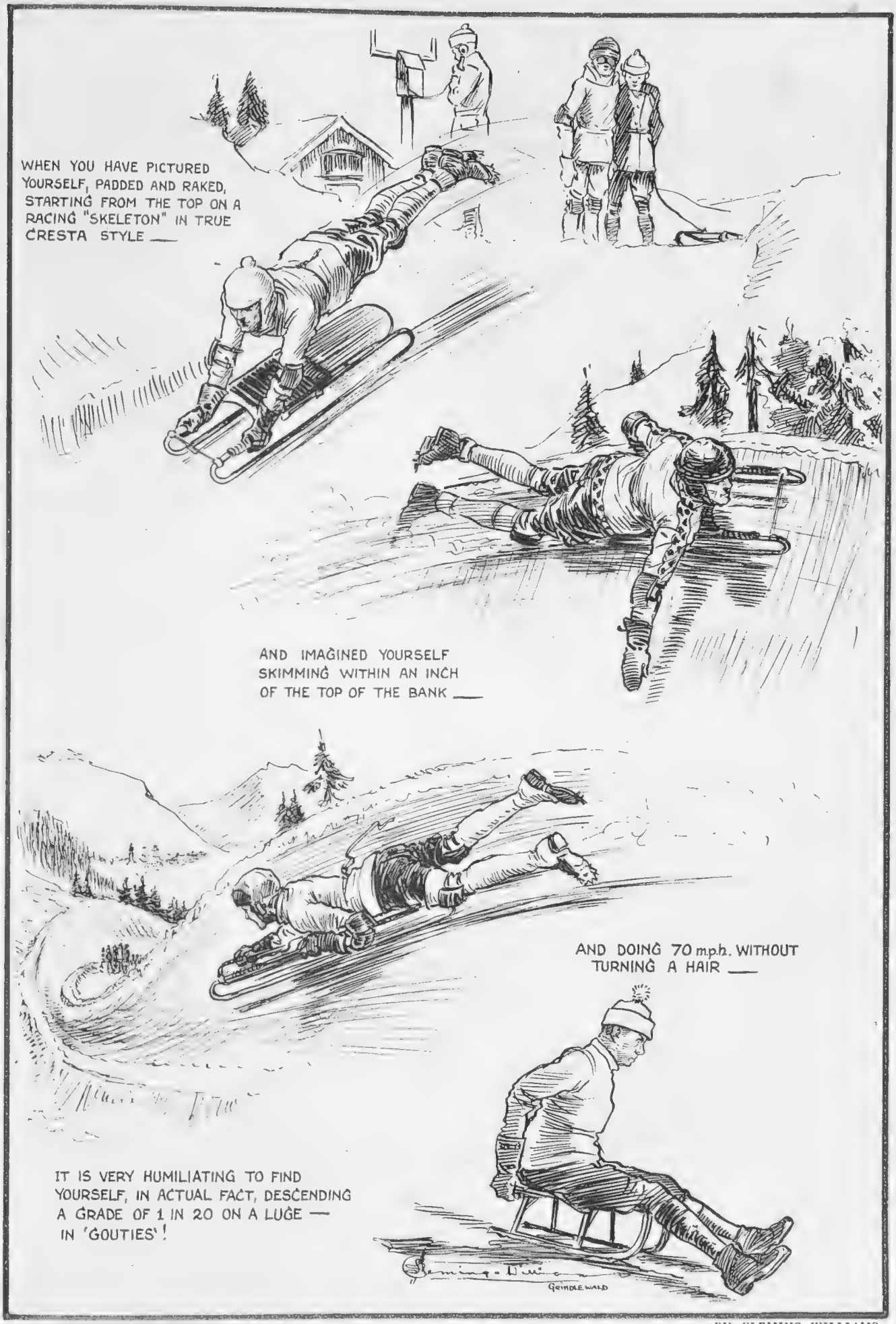
If editors of your time are women, is the Cabinet also predominating female? And have the Army and the Navy been abolished? Are there still a lot of unemployed, or has the problem been solved by the gradual masculinisation of woman and her refusal to bear children? Above all, dear editor, how much is the income tax in 2126? . . . But perhaps it is as well you cannot answer. We could not bear to know.

Of one thing concerning you of 2126 I am confident. The skies and the seas are unchangeable. You may change speech, dress, food, religion, the very shape of the human body, but the fleecy clouds of spring are the same for you and for me. People will tell you funny stories about evolution just as they did in 1926, as to our descent from monkeys, and so on. But they will not attempt to explain the fact that the earth's canopy is changeless. You and I have seen the same summer lightning, heard the same rumble of distant storms, listened to the same susurrus of waves breaking on English beaches.

I know that you will have had a pretty good shot at spoiling it all. Advertisements will be written, maybe, on the moving waters, and great fleets of flying machines will often smirch the roof of the world, but there will be times when you will see and relish just what we see and relish. The loveliness of England herself may be blotted out and built over, but you and I will have enjoyed in common the benediction of English winds and English seas. That makes us friends.

To Our Readers Abroad

The Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of *The Bystander* in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.



BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

A CONSIDERABLE COME-DOWN!

Hunting People at Play

News Illustrations

A GOOD "CORNER"

A photograph of some of those who helped along the revels at the Wynnstay Hunt Ball which was held recently at Whitchurch Town Hall. The names are: Mr. Girouard (left), Miss E. Dewhurst, Mrs. and Mr. A. Thom, Miss Halsey, Mr. A. W. Acland, Mrs. Barbour, Mr. W. M. Dugdale and Commander Dixon

News Illustrations

A CHEERY FOURSOME

Another smiling group photographed 'tween dances at the recent Wynnstay Hunt Ball. The names are: Miss Jeannette Ward (left), Major Barbour, Miss Betty Griffith and Mr. L. G. S. Clough-Taylor

Central Press

STAIRING INTO THE CAMERA

A cheery party "step along" to be photographed at the Tedworth Hunt Ball at Tedworth House. The group includes: Lieut. R. Gardiner, Miss D. Turner, Mrs. R. Gardiner, Capt. and Mrs. R. K. Hewer, Mrs. Cookson and Mr. A. T. Dunscombe-Anderson

Followers at a Dancing Meet

Standing: CAPT. PETER COURAGE (left), MAJOR C. C. GOULDSMITH, MRS. C. C. GOULDSMITH AND MR. T. GOULDSMITH.
Seated: MRS. PETER COURAGE (left), MISS MOORE AND MISS RACHEL WESTMACOTT

MR. R. V. HEBBLETHWAITE (left), MISS S. CRAVEN, MISS M. EVETTS AND MR. F. PEARSON

Photographs

MR. R. COTTRELL, THE HON. MARY BIDDULPH, THE HON. ADELAIDE BIDDULPH AND MR. W. FORBES

W. Dennis Moss

MAJOR HUMPHREY DE FREVILLE (left), MRS. DE FREVILLE, LADY CROMWELL AND LORD CROMWELL

Some of those who attended the V. W. H. (Lord Bathurst's) Hunt Ball at Bingham Hall, Cirencester, visited by the photographer between dances

WE SPARROWS

By ASHLEY STERNE

IF you should chance to meet me in the street and observe wreathes of smoke emanating from my waistcoat, there will be no need to rush to the nearest fire-alarm nor to empty the contents of your fountain-pen over me. The smoke betokens nothing more dangerous than a breast burning with a powerful emotion.

That emotion may be diagnosed by the ill-natured as envy; but in reality it is pride—legitimate pride bred of self-respect—the pride of being a sparrow.

"Tut! (you will exclaim). What is there to be proud about in being a sparrow, the most common, insignificant and numerous bird we possess? Millions of sparrows were hopping about Britain when the Celts came over 3,000 years ago. Had they been properly mobilised and all of one mind they could easily have repelled the Roman Invasion. To-day, one can't fall off the top of a 'bus without passing through a flock of sparrows *en route*. And ten thousand years hence, when Lord Macaulay's New Zealander is sitting on the crumbled parapet of London Bridge gazing on the ivy-clad pile of the Monument and the lichen-encrusted ruins of Fishmongers' Hall, the sparrows will still be hopping around in their myriads, begging for buns and tunnelling for worms.

"So why (you repeat) this personal pride in being a sparrow? And further, may we inquire why you have elected to be a sparrow in preference to an ostrich or a flamingo or a lesser bustard?"

These are reasonable questions. It is certainly a little mystifying when a full-grown man suddenly announces himself as a sparrow without having previously applied for naturalisation papers or published a deed-poll. He risks being classed with the individual who, at the annual Asylum Ball, confides to you that he's Og, King of Bashan, or the Monroe Doctrine, or something equally fantastic. So let me say at once that I speak figuratively, the figure being derived in this wise:—

Last week I saw young Carfax off to Algiers. He is a fellow of independent means. That is to say, he lives by the sweat of his father's brow, which sweats daily and lucratively in the Rubber Market. Now there was no logical reason why Carfax should leave England at all. He is neither a Slate Club treasurer nor a bogus theatrical manager; and he's far too young and inexperienced to be a fraudulent trustee. But, as he told me, he's just fed up to the Plimsoll line with the English winter. He abused that long-standing institution in no measured terms. He called it every insulting name under the sun—or he would have if there had been any sun. There wasn't any sun visible either at Greenwich or elsewhere for him to call it every name under. That was his trouble. Hence his exodus to Algiers, where the sun is scheduled to exude many hours of exemplary refulgence daily, regardless of the calendar. He begged me to play the part of the skipper's little daughter and bear him company. He painted a glowing word-picture of Algiers in January worthy of Lafcadio Hearn. But his eloquence was wasted on me. I called him a scurrilous poltroon to turn his back on his native land merely on account of its latitude. England in January isn't cold and sunless on purpose. If he wanted to turn his back on anything, I told him he ought to turn it on the obliquity of the ecliptic (which was the true source of his trouble), not on the white cliffs of Albion which were as innocent of evil intent as an unborn babe—nay, as unborn twins.

Carfax's reply was half-drowned by train-whistles. The surviving half is unprintable.

The following day I saw my friend Pontifex off to Cairo. He also is a man of independent means. I don't know a man who tries harder than Pontifex to live within his wife's income. He, too, nursed a grouch against the English winter. Apparently it didn't suit his health. He had recently, he said, been to his doctor, who, after listening-in to his machinery and beating a tattoo on his spine, had told him to take great care of himself. The doctor, of course, meant that Pontifex was to knock off late hours and early cocktails. My friend, however, chose to interpret the warning to mean that his chest was weak, or his lungs were bent, or his heart was working backwards, or his liver had got a hole in it—something, at any rate, which would necessitate his spending the rest of the winter abroad. Hence the flight into Egypt.

I told him what I thought about him, and wound up by asking him whether craven conduct such as his, if indulged in by our forefathers, would have made England what she is to-day? Pontifex retorted by demanding to know *what* England is to-day? and though I ransacked my memory for excerpts from Mr. Lloyd George's patriotic rhetoric—upon my word, I positively couldn't define what England is to-day, and I was intensely relieved when Pontifex's train started.

Since then I have seen young Lomax off to Biarritz and Greatrex off to Mentone. I forget the reason they advanced for their departure. I think it was chilblains. But I wasn't very interested. For, during the days which immediately followed after Pontifex and Carfax had shaken the dust of England off their feet in order to fill their socks with the sand of Africa, I had been doing a spot of thinking, and had reached the conclusion that hale and hearty Englishmen ought to stand by their country in foul and fair weather alike. The Eskimos do; we don't find them coming south because they detest the Polar blizzards and the long arctic night. Nor in the height of the equatorial summer do we find the Swahilis and the Hottentots and the Senegalese flitting north to escape the heat-wave. They just stick it out.

Winter gloom, fog, nor'-easters, and so forth are the Englishman's birthright, and the healthy Englishman who resigns them to bask in alien sunshine is every whit as deserving of censure as the hairy gentleman of old who sold his heritage for a plate of soup.

I know unkind tongues will argue that I am envious—envious of those whose circumstances permit of their chasing the sun while mine (they will say) probably only permit of my chasing the same old 37¾B 'bus, day in, day out, winter and summer alike. But this is not so. As I began by saying, my feeling is one of pride—pride in being a "sparrow," the human equivalent of those æon-old, hardy little denizens of these isles that have ever turned their beaks up at the Migratory Movement.

And prouder still shall I be of my sparrowhood when next week I return to England, my England, after an invigorating fortnight spent amid the dazzling snows of the principal winter sports centres of the Engadine, whither I have travelled on—er—urgent private affairs. For I feel perfectly certain that I should never have won the sack-race on skates and the standing jump on skis yesterday were it not for the hopping technique which I have acquired during my long training as a London "sparrow."

A Work of Reference

"Reach me down 'Who's Who,' my dear Watson," Mr. Sherlock Holmes was in the habit of saying, "and let us see what we can find out about our new client." These may not have been his actual words, but it is a well-known fact that the great detective, like thousands of other folk, looked upon the red volume as an indispensable and almost inexhaustible mine of information. "Who's Who" for 1926 (Messrs. A. & C. Black, 42s.), the seventy-eighth volume of this publication, is more informative and comprehensive than ever, and includes particulars of almost everybody of any interest in the life of to-day.

A Case of Calf Love

BY STAN TERRY

BO-PEEP: "Well, what do you think of my costume?"
FOLLY: "Oh—er—splendid, but I thought Bo-Peep specialised in sheep, not calves"

An Evening Star Who Shines in the West

Navana

MISS DORIS BRANSGROVE

Who is well known to devotees of the cabaret. She is one of the principals in the new edition of "Playtime at the Piccadilly" which helps to brighten London every evening at the Piccadilly Hotel

It's So Dangerous to Smile

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *January* 25.

DEAR COUSIN—

THEY say a sense of humour's a most fearfully dangerous affair if you want ever really to get on in life—in the way of being successful in politics or business, I mean, or getting generally accepted as a Leader of Society or what not. Not particularly popular in Court Circles, humour isn't, nor at all advisable for Mayors, Presidents of Public Bodies, or Eminent Divines—more than one Bishopric been lost, I believe, by that fatal faculty some people have of seeing the funny side of things.

TWO rather sad examples of which cardinal principle or guiding rule

"The new show at the Midnight Follies"

of life seem to have happened quite lately and are hereby and herewith noted by way of truly awful warning. *E.g.* and *par exemple*, when an otherwise perfectly good not to say rather brilliant cleric, Father Ronald Knox by name, ventured over the wireless to send along a sort of spoof news message. About Big Ben having been pushed over by Reds (headed by Mr. Popplebury, secretary of the National Association for the Abolition of Theatre Queues), the Commons and the Savoy blown up, and Mr. Wutherspoon, Minister of Transport, hanged from a lamp-post in Vauxhall Bridge Road, and the ducks in St. James's Park brutally assaulted with (empty) bottles by the bloodthirsty mob!

A SOMEWHAT boisterous jest perchance—though surely *something* had to be done to brighten up the bromide "talks" of the B.B.C.—but is it even for a moment believable, dear cousin, that this positively screaming farce should have been taken *au grand sérieux* by some of the B.B.P.? (The last two letters stand for British Public and you can fill up the other, as Mrs. Beeton says in her celebrated cookery book, according to taste.) It's *not* believable, but it's got to be believed all the same. Mr. Popplebury and Mr. Wutherspoon . . . yes, some of the listeners-in swallowed even them, and what's more, were simply furious about the scandalous way they'd been so terribly shocked and dithered that they even forgot to turn on the hot water for their Saturday night baths!

HEARKEN now, also, dear brethren and sistren, to yet another tragic affair that points the same melancholy but apparently inevitable moral. This is the sad story of one who wrote a really rather delightful letter to one of the papers about the pulling down of Waterloo Bridge, only he did a little bit of mock-serious business about it and pretended (in a perfectly transparent way) it was the Ponte Vecchio at Florence (or the Rialto in Venice, I forget which), so as to sort of push the point home, as the saying goes.

IS it believable—no, once more it isn't, but it's got to be believed—that the Mayor or someone of Florence or Venice (and lots of others, too) wired and wrote straightway to the F.O. and every one else (not concerned)? To say it wasn't really true (in fact a dastardly lie and libel and all the rest of it) that the particular Ponte in question was going to be removed and rebuilt because its fifteen-century foundations weren't strong enough to bear the new line of tramways. And that no one had ever thought, or ever would think, of running trams over the aforesaid bridge, and how could anyone have ever imagined that the local municipality could for a moment have contemplated such an outrage?

"Hanged from a lamp-post"

"Latch keys are not provided"

STILL quiet in London it is, of course, but things, methinks, begin to move. Children for one thing having been packed off to school again . . . . but oh, what children! Aren't they bright spots, the latest lot—not sure I'm not rather terrified about what the next little bunch'll be like if they proceed to go on and progress at the same rate, what? The way these infants stroll out to late parties and are quite cross (at the age of about fifteen or so) if latchkeys are not provided at the first time of asking . . . well, upon me soul I think it's really quite refreshing, and would make them all members of my own particular night club if I only dared.

BECAUSE, after all, all these reckless (I don't think) revelries don't mean so much to us who have passed the crucial and monumental age of twenty or so as to that other contingent of bright and bubbling and totally *unblasé* youth. And as to the fitness thereof—oh, dear cousin, the complete innocence and childishness of most of these so-called revels, and the cabaret shows supplied therewith, I sometimes think, are really quite unsuited to anyone who has even recently emerged from their 'teens.

AND soon Parliament's to meet again, this very next week, in fact, and the King's coming back to town and all the real business of the London world will start once more in sober and active earnest. They've been pleasant, these weeks, not to say months, when the wheels have not been going round quite so altogether

furiously as usual, and the first nights have been few and the dances absolutely *au choix* at one's own particular place and with one's own particular partner—but duty, it's fatally and unhumorously certain, has soon got once more to be done.

卐

Not that duty here in London now need necessarily be too awfully painful, if you only choose, select, and tactfully decide the most advisable ways of doing it. To glance, for instance, at Marie Tempest's lovely new frocks in *Hay Fever* at the Cri. is hardly a very serious penance, especially if followed by a spot of supper *chez* the Midnight Follies at the Metropole, where they started, by the way, a quite new version last week of their always delightful show (Mr. Tex Macleod's rope follies are really quite too marvellous), accompanied by dancing for the mere general multitude—which I must say is always rather a relief after watching all the other people doing it on the stage, what?

"Some of the listeners-in swallowed even them"

卐

And talking of dancing, there's the Stage Guild Ball looming quite close ahead now, on February 16 to be exact, only I'm not quite sure I like the word "looming," which sounds rather like a threat, and this particular dance is rather by way of being a promise. Being run, I mean, by Miss Margaret Chute, who does all the Three Arts Balls, and also frequented—at least the last one was, which was also the first—by all the best people who make the London stage what it is to-day . . . and can anyone say any fairer nor that?

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

STRATEGIC DOUBLE TO SAVE RUBBER

The adoption of the American Informative Doubles has resulted in an unholy mess, and now before playing Bridge with strangers it is necessary to enquire not only whether they play them, but *how* they play them. Is a double of an initial bid of "two No-Trumps" or three of a suit to be regarded as informatory or "business"? If the double is re-doubled, must the partner of the doubler take out the re-double, or is he absolved? In what circumstances can the doubler's partner leave in the double when it appears to suit him? These are only a few of the many questions that arise. The fact is, the whole position is chaotic. There is no universal agreement as to these informative doubles, and there is no recognised authority to guide us. In my latest work, *Auction Bridge Play and Problems* (Methuen), I have attempted to summarise the opinions of leading American experts. But even they do not agree on all points.

. . . . . .

Apart from the American doubles, there is a use of the ordinary double which is often very effective. It may be described as a strategic double. Its object is to drive your opponents from a declaration which you fear into one where you know you are safe. It is not exactly a bluff double in the ordinary sense of the word, since it should be made only on considerable strength. It should be used sparingly and seldom, except for game or rubber-saving purposes.

To illustrate my meaning, here is a case in point:—

	S—4. H—K, 10, 8, 7, 4.	D—J, 9. C—A, K, Q, 9, 6.
	Y	
S—A, Q, 3. H—2. D—A, K, 10, 8, 3. C—J, 10, 8, 5.	*A*	*B* S—K, J, 10, 6. H—A, Q, J, 6, 3. D—5, 4. C—3, 2.
	Z	
	S—9, 8, 7, 5, 2. H—9, 5.	D—Q, 7, 6, 2. C—7, 4.

Score: Game all. A, B, 16 in rubber game. Z dealt and said "No bid"; A, "One Diamond"; Y, "Two Clubs"; B, "Two Hearts"; Z, "No bid"; A, "Two No-Trumps"; Y, "Double"; B, "Three Hearts." All pass.

. . . . . .

If Y leaves in the no-trumper undoubled, A makes game and rubber. Y realised this position. From Z's initial and second "No bid" he knew that his partner had little or nothing in his hand. By A's bid, Y also knew that he held the Clubs guarded. His one and only chance to save the situation was to double, and by so doing lead B to believe that he held the Club suit solid and to tempt him to make an increased Heart declaration. Note that Y must not double the three Heart bid, as that might induce a change to the No-Trump declaration. Of course, seeing all four hands, you may say that B was "the mug," and having shown his Hearts once should have trusted his partner and not have taken-out the double. But B was quite an experienced player, and he did not take out from fright, and I venture to think most players would have done the same. Three Hearts on the bidding looked quite a feasible proposition. At the same time, if Y had not doubled the no-trumper B could not have taken out. As it was, Y by his double saved the game and rubber, and B was two down on his contract.

. . . . . .

A correspondent in Knocke (Belgium) asks what is "the correct declaration" on the following hand:—S—A; H—A, K, Q; D—5, 4; C—9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 3, 2. The score is not stated, but, in my opinion, at any score the best opening bid is "One Club." At the same time I should not find fault with a bid of "One No-Trumps." But I do consider it would be wrong to bid "One Heart" or to pass on this hand.

. . . . . .

With a hand containing four certain tricks it would be a Bridge crime to say "No bid." The Heart suit is not long enough to justify an opening bid. Four of a suit is the minimum for a major suit bid. The context of the hand with its singleton Spade is not favourable for a no-trumper. The Club bid gives partner a chance of speaking, and with even average support it may well be a game hand in Clubs.

To test it I dealt out several hands at random, and I found that in all cases the Club bid paid best. Here is one deal where, with bare minimum of support from partner, the result was game:—

	S—Q, 6, 5, 2. H—7, 4, 3, 2.	D—K, 6. C—K, J, 4.
	Y	
S—J, 10, 8, 3. H—J, 9, 6. D—A, Q, 8, 3, 2. C—Q.	*A*	*B* S—K, 9, 7, 4. H—10, 8, 5. D—J, 10, 9, 7. C—A, 10.
	Z	
	S—A. H—A, K, Q.	D—5, 4. C—9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 3, 2.

Of course, the game depended upon the situation of the adverse Clubs and the ace of Diamonds. But the hand is interesting as showing with how little support from partner Z can go game in Clubs and not in No-Trumps. A holding like this is an exception to the sound rule that a suit (especially a minor suit) should not be called except with top honours. The compensating side strength makes all the difference.

Golfers have — many ideas — about COSTUME

& their own pet theories - in regard to —— CLUBS!

BUT THEY ALL AGREE ON THIS "ROUND"!!!

Worthington
smooths out life's little roughs

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

MR. GILBERT FRANKAU has worked hard for the enviable position which he occupies to-day. His books sell in their tens of thousands. The magazines are at his feet, and the cinema magnates seem to be "shooting" his work every month. His new novel, *Masterson* (Hutchinson, 7*s.* 6*d.* net), while embracing no very original feature, is the sort of story which, one imagines, will add more tens of thousands to the numbers of his readers. The ladies, always a little touchy where their own sex is concerned, will be busily discussing the character of Irene Carslake. Is she a really bad lot, or just a highly strung young woman at the mercy of that unsettled and difficult environment in which we find ourselves to-day? It is a difficult question to answer.

As for John Masterson himself, he is precisely what Mr. Frankau calls him on the title-page—an English gentleman: though, unlike most of his class to-day, he is the lucky possessor of several millions of money. Not unnaturally he wishes to do what he conceives to be his duty. For privileges obtained, he believes, there should be a return of service. At the time of his return to England, after years spent in Abyssinia, the Socialists are in power, and what Mr. Frankau thinks of the Socialists is never for a moment in doubt. Masterson stands for Parliament, and is defeated. Irene, his wife, is unfaithful. His horse does not win the Grand National. Apparently the experiment—the giving of that service to the England he loves—has failed; and the final scene, like the first, is laid in Abyssinia. But Mr. Frankau is a practised story-teller, and you may be sure that the experiment is by no means the failure it seems to be.

As a picture of a certain section of English society during the last two years the book is extraordinarily vivid. As a study of a type of modern womanhood Irene, it seems to me, is never exaggerated. And, of course, there are plenty of those exciting moments without which your full-blooded yarn cannot hope to please. Gambling hells, racecourses, smart restaurants, the modern equivalent of the prize-ring, a steam yacht—Mr. Frankau is lavish with his "big scenes," and one waits to see his drama transferred to Drury Lane or the cinema screens.

At the same time there are passages in the book which show him in the guise of serious spectator of our public life, and it is quite conceivable that curses will descend on his head from certain "advanced" quarters. Not a constitutionalist, however, but will be in the fullest agreement with the aims and objects of the "Fellowship of Loyal Citizens," which plays no mean part in the story.

THOSE in search of the unusual in the matter of adventurous discovery in far-away countries will find much to their liking in Dr. Thomas Gann's *Mystery Cities* (Duckworth, 21*s.* net), which tells of his exciting days amongst the ruins of cities and burial-grounds of that little understood people, the Maya of Yucatan. For a while he worked with Lady Richmond Brown and Mr. Mitchell Hedges, but much of his work was done with only natives—and very odd and amusing some of them were—to help him. In particular, his excavations of an ancient citadel must arouse the greatest interest, though it is to be noted that his work is by no means completed.

The book is not an archæological manual, but a personal record. Dr. Gann is interested in the present as well as the past, and his pages are human and mightily good to read. The illustrations, too, are excellent, and give you a good idea of the difficulties to be surmounted before any such work can hope to be successful.

MR. F. W. THOMAS continues to be his own most amusing self in *Cobbler's Wax* (Putnams, 3*s.* 6*d.* net). Here Mr. Grindle, the loquacious and quotation-loving village cobbler, gives his views on all manner of things—on eating well, and daughters and wives, and on the stage, and children, and music, and a hundred other most important and rarely understood aspects of life. Mr. Grindle is great, though I for one would prefer to meet him, as here, second-hand as it were—Mr. Thomas playing all his cards for him—than in the flesh.

MR. P. LAITHWAITE'S *Short History of Lichfield Grammar School* (Lomax: 3s. 9*d.* net) is a scholarly production though not of the dry-as-dust sort. Indeed, few other Foundations can boast of as adventurous a history. Here it was that Addison and Johnson, to mention but two of its great ones, received their education, and although to-day a modern building is to be seen, the old tradition which dates back to Edward VI is still maintained. The little book is fully illustrated.

JUST how amazingly big the changes in social life have been during the last century can be gauged by anybody who reads *The Days of Dickens* (Routledge, 15*s.* net), by Arthur L. Hayward. Mr. Hayward calls his book "a glance at some aspects of Early Victorian life in London," and the description is apt. Reading through his entertaining chapters, the fast-moving world of jazz and motors and revues and telephones and tubes disappears, and you find yourself with queerly-dressed people doing more or less queer things in a city which is only faintly familiar.

Those were the days when the rich City merchants lived over their offices, when the "pleasure gardens" at Vauxhall or Cremorne took the place of Wembley, and when you still paid toll on some of the main roads. But there were pantomimes then, and theatrical stars, and night clubs of a sort, and newspaper readers enjoyed a "good" murder.

Mr. Hayward's "glance" is wide. He has soaked himself in his period, and although he is by no means the first writer to give us an intimate picture of those "respectable" days—I put the word between commas because, although we may talk more to-day, I do not believe that we have altered very much in ourselves—his book has a charm of its own which beguiles you into a very careful reading.

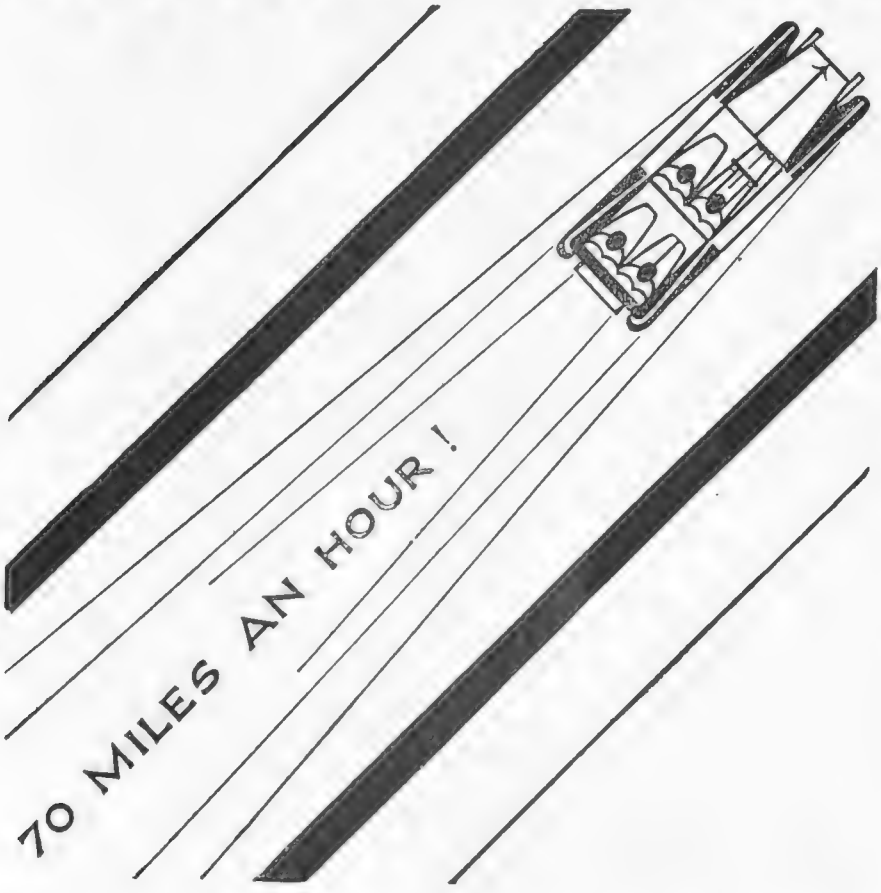
It is pleasant to read the old histories, no doubt, but they do not always have much to say of the habits of the man in the street. We prefer Pepys to Clarendon or Bishop Burnet. Mr. Hayward, however, does tell us what we want to know, and in as vivid a manner as you could wish for.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Mr. F. L. Lawson-Johnston, who has recently been appointed a director of the publishing firm of Stanley Paul & Co., Ltd. He edits "The International Library," and is shortly to publish a volume called "Little Novels of Spain"

THE FLASHING SPEED OF THE CHRYSLER SIX

Chryslers Mascot



Like an arrow along the wind—steady, smooth, keen. 70 an hour easily. Motor folk who *know* go wild over this sweet, singing speed of the Chrysler. It's like a live thing to drive. A sportsman's car, truly! But the speed is only one of the differences that Chrysler's different engineering gives. Look the car all over—and drive it!

23/75 h.p.

CHRYSLER SIX

Chrysler Motors Ltd., 3 Chrysler Works Mortlake Road, Kew Gardens, Surrey

Reasons for Chrysler's astounding Performance

ENGINE. Six cylinders, in block, removable head, 3⅛in. bore, 4¾in. stroke, develops 75 h.p. R.A.C. rating 23·4 h.p. Water-cooled—pump and fan. Large side by side valves; symmetrical combustion chamber minimising carbonisation. Pistons of aluminium alloy; three rings. Camshaft on four bearings, driven by silent chain.

VIBRATIONLESS! The crankshaft is exceptionally big, supported on SEVEN large bearings, and fitted with an automatic vibration dampener. No whip, no vibration.

LUBRICATION. Oil pump spiral-driven from camshaft, giving positive force feed through drilled crankshaft to all main and connecting rod bearings, camshaft bearings and timing chain. Oil pressure gauge on dash.

SPRINGS. Parallel to wheels, close to hubs, thus eliminating side-sway. Extra large tyres—30×5·77″.

BRAKES. Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes, self-equalising, operated by foot; also external contracting brake on drum on transmission shaft, operated by hand.

ALL THE FACTS about this amazing car are in the Chrysler Book—yours for the asking.

★£117 DOWN BUYS THE CHRYSLER SIX TOURING CAR.

The Chrysler scheme of deferred payments is a genuine straightforward business arrangement. Why not avail yourself of it at once? Why not realise now the pleasure and usefulness of the Chrysler to yourself and to your family? Write now for full particulars.

Chassis	£418
Two Seater (with dickey)	£525
Coach (5-seater).. ..	£528
Saloon (4-door)	£588
Coupé (with dickey) ..	£598
Brougham (5-seater) ..	£628
Imperial Saloon (4-door)	£648
Landaulette (English body)	£688

Phæton Touring Car

£468

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Patchy

So far this has been one of the most patchy winter racing seasons I can remember. Scarcely a week has passed without an interruption of one sort or another, and it has been an unfortunate time for the jockeys and others who derive their livelihood from the sport. Let us hope for a brighter February. One consolation is that the bad weather has come at the dullest period of the whole racing year. In the course of a few weeks the really big things of the National Hunt season will be coming along. Entries are out for the great meeting at Cheltenham, and with reasonable luck we should have another brilliant gathering for the National Hunt festival. So far we have seen nothing to arouse enthusiasm among the newcomers to 'chasing and hurdle-racing, but no doubt some real talent will be disclosed when the conditions become more settled.

Manton

RACEGOERS are naturally wondering what is to be the future of the famous Manton stable. It would be an ideal arrangement if one of the wealthy patrons of the stable were to come forward and take over the whole property from the trustees of the late Lord Manton. That would probably mean that Alec Taylor would agree to go on. His retirement would leave a tremendous gap in the racing world. That the title of the leading trainer in the country belongs to him admits of no question. The fact that he has been eight times head of the list of winning trainers in the last nine years sufficiently indicates his eminence. His place will certainly be very hard to fill. Several names have been mentioned as likely purchasers of Manton, but before I discuss these rumours I prefer to wait until we have really authoritative news. That Manton will be continued as a training establishment is certain. Its miles of rolling downland make it the best place in England for the preparation of racehorses; and even if the Taylor regime comes to a close (which I hope will not happen for a long time), the property will remain a great force in racing affairs.

IN "OULD OIRELAND" *Poole, Waterford*

Lady Langrishe with her only surviving son out with the Kilkenny. The photograph was taken at a recent meet at the Mullinbeg Cross Roads

Newbury

WE hardly ever have a dull Newbury meeting either in winter or summer, and unless the weather is in unkind mood we ought to see some of the best racing of the New Year at this popular course on Wednesday and the following day. Looking some time in advance at the entry for the Sefton Steeplechase, on the first day, backers seem to be in for a puzzle, but I expect there will be something pretty hot in the market at the time of starting. I make **Agincourt** my selection. On the following day, the Berkshire Hurdle Race will bring out a number of the best recruits we have seen in this game lately. Special interest will attach to the affair if it is selected for the first appearance over hurdles of **Black Sheep.** If he has taken kindly to jumping he should be the winner, for even the smart Blaris, whom I take as a second string, is unlikely to give him weight successfully.

Prospects

IN addition to Lord Astor and Mr. A. Cox, the patrons of the stable at present include Mr. W. M. Cazalet, Mr. Washington Singer, Lady James Douglas, Mr. J. Reid Walker, Mr. Somerville Tattersall, the Hon. Robert Watson and M. Calmann, the last named a French owner who has had horses at Manton for many years. Cross Bow may do well for Lord Astor in the coming season, and he has a number of three-year-olds of real promise, including that charming filly Short Story. But the most interesting animal there at the moment is Picaroon, who, if all goes well, is likely to prove himself the best horse in training this year. To do this he will have to beat that brilliant customer Solario, who has always been a great favourite of mine. The pair of them are likely to encounter some strong rivalry from France in the Ascot Gold Cup. I understand that Cadum is looked upon as the pick of the long-distance performers on the other side of the Channel. One of the "dark" three-year-olds at Manton who is expected to do well is Mr. Cazalet's Duke of Buckingham. Some time ago I saw this Buchan colt at work on the Wiltshire downs, and he then certainly appeared to be a most promising sort.

BY "THE TOUT"

MR. W. H. WHITBREAD

The well-known gentleman rider being given a leg up by his trainer, Gilbert Bennett, on "Ben Cruchan," one of this year's Grand National entries

HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

The Thaw

AT the beginning of last week we looked to be in for rather a prolonged stoppage owing to the snow, but when the thaw came it was remarkably rapid while it lasted, and some packs were quickly in action again. One of the most curious incidents of the resumption occurred with the Warwickshire on Tuesday. A meet had been advertised at Goldicote, the residence of the joint Master, the Hon. E. Portman, but there were still several inches of snow on the ground, and nobody imagined that it would be possible to hunt.

Topical

BETWEEN COURSES

A group photographed at the Border Union Coursing Meeting held recently at Longtown. The group shows. Col. and Mrs. Leather, Capt. and Mrs. E. Joicey, Capt. and Mrs. Westall, Capt. and Mrs. Laing, Capt. R. B. Webster, Mrs., Miss and Master Bury

Thus not a single member of the Hunt turned up at the appointment. Yet hounds did hunt, and they were busily engaged until four o'clock. What is more, there was a very fair scent considering the conditions, and at times hounds ran with considerable dash.

Mr. Buckmaster

It is good to learn that Mr. Buckmaster is going on well, if slowly. Warwickshire people hope to see him in the field as fit as ever next winter. Considering the severity of his accident, it is not surprising to know that he will be unable to hunt at all in this season, and all his horses, excepting one old favourite, will be sold at Leicester on Saturday. Everybody knows that "Buck" rides nothing but the best, and there should be brisk competition for his horses, even though we are more than half-way through this most disappointing season. Another good man to hounds in the Shires, Major Cantrell-Hubbersty, has just sent his hunter stud up for sale. A broken leg unhappily prevents him from seeing any more sport with hounds this winter. The entire stud of Lord Wimborne has also been under the hammer. He has long been known as one of the best-mounted men in the Pytchley country.

Wire Troubles

Naturally, widespread attention has been caused by the resignation of Mr. Sydney Fane of the Mastership of the South Oxfordshire on account of the prevalence of barbed wire in that country. The trouble exists in the majority of hunting countries nowadays, but it is some time since an M.F.H. lodged such a strong protest as Mr. Fane has made. Things were very bad in many districts after the end of the war. It was found then that wire had crept copiously into places where it was never known before. Energetic measures have tended to alleviate the mischief here and there, but there are still many areas which are heavily wired compared with pre-war conditions. No blame can fairly be attached to the farmers, who, as a rule, are quite agreeable to have the wire removed (during the season, at all events) if the Hunt can make the necessary arrangements. It is a situation which calls for money and individual efforts in the countries concerned. Wire funds, and hard-working committees to see that they are effectively applied, have become a stern necessity in these days. I do not know the precise measures which have been taken to combat the evil in South Oxfordshire, but I do know several countries in which great improvements have been brought about by wire committees who have received adequate support from the rank and file of hunt followers.

Sport and General

IN WALES

A photograph taken of Miss Danby (left), Miss C. Radcliffe, Mr. Wyndham Radcliffe and Mrs. Danby at a recent meet of Lord Tredegar's hounds at Druidstone, near Cardiff. Unfortunately, hunting had to be abandoned owing to the snow and ice

Joint M.F.H.'s Wanted

I see that Captain George Bellville is looking out for a partner to assist him in hunting the Woodland Pytchley next season. The job is one that should appeal to a keen fox-hunter, for the pack is one of the best in the kingdom, and the country has many attractions, one of which is that it does not contain much wire. I well remember Captain Bellville as the dashing No. 1 of the famous Old Cantabs polo team, but he was so severely wounded in the war that he was unable to swing a polo stick, and since then he has mainly devoted himself to hunting, much to the satisfaction of those who follow the Woodland Pytchley. The Rev. Edgar Milne is another experienced M.F.H. who would like to get in touch with a joint Master for next season. His pack, the Cattistock, covers a very wide expanse in Dorset and a small portion of Somerset, and an M.F.H. who hunts his own hounds naturally feels the need of assistance. A few seasons ago, Mr. Milne had the help of Captain T. Colville, and the experience which the latter gained with the pack has stood him in good stead since he took over the Cotswold country.

Central News

IN DEVONSHIRE

Lady Goodson, with her daughter, Mrs. Craig, at a recent meet of the Haldon Harriers. This took place at Greenway, Churston Ferrers, South Devon

The critical age should have it

The years between 14 and 18 are, physically, the most critical of all. Also, those are the years during which study is usually most intense and difficult. Body and brain are then taxed to the utmost.

If Horlick's Malted Milk be added, as a regular thing, to ordinary diet there need be no fear of breakdown. Horlick's gives both physical and mental energy. Its splendid nourishment, too, is very easy to digest. Its flavour is delicious.

Give them this admirable blend of fresh milk with the extracts of malted barley and wheat flour in the mornings. It will supply stamina for the day's tasks. Let them have it at night. It means sound, sweet sleep.

A liberal sample will be sent you post free if you forward 3d. in stamps to Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Buckinghamshire.

HORLICK'S

—THE ORIGINAL—

MALTED MILK

Horlick's is made at Slough in England. It is sold by chemists everywhere, in four handy sizes —2/-, 3/6, 8/6 and 15/-. The tablets in flasks, price 7½d. and 1/3d.

Ready in a moment with hot or cold water.

Restaurants and cafés of standing serve Horlick's.

5

A Prince for His Majesty's

Photographs

MISS ILSE MARVENGA

Who is to be the prima donna of "The Student Prince," the light opera which is shortly to be seen at His Majesty's

White Studio

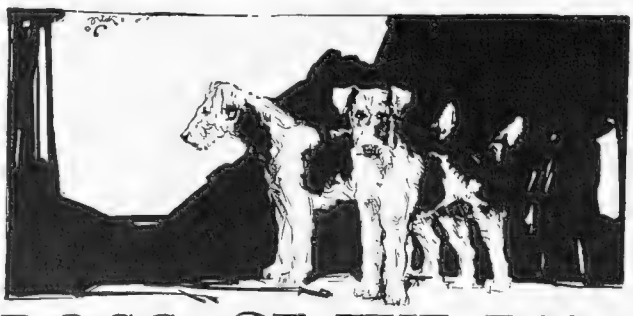
MR. ALLAN PRIOR

The Student Prince of the piece, as he appears in the title rôle. Mr. Prior is well known in America as a tenor

Photograph *Wide-World Studio*

MISS LUCYENNE HERVAL

Who is to play her original part in the piece. "The Student Prince," which is a spectacular light opera, comes to us from America with a great reputation and is to be the initial effort of the brothers Shubert in their conquest of London.



DOGS OF THE DAY

POPULARITY FIGURES. By "THE KENNELMAN"

Apart from its great event, Cruft's Show at the Agricultural Hall on the 10th and 11th next month, which is to be a busy one for exhibitors in London, Manchester, Brighton, Edinburgh, and a dozen other centres. Terriers and Pekingese will be specially to the front in London and Manchester.

Correspondents demanding information regarding the present year's prospects for the different breeds of Dogs (there are ninety of them) must remember the fallibility as prophets of even the most accurate statisticians. The Kennel Club (84, Piccadilly) should be consulted, and the records in the January issue of its invaluable organ, *The Kennel Gazette*. One thing is certain: the striking post-War development in Dogdom showed no sign of waning in 1925, but quite the contrary. The year's total registrations rose to 55,000, probably representing the arrival of a good many over 100,000 Dogs of studied lineage. No such level was attained in the palmiest of pre-War days. The total registered in sporting breeds was more than double that of the non-sporting. Fox Terriers topped the list, and the Wires beat the Smooths three times over. Airedales just managed to beat Alsatians; and if one kind of Gun Dog—the Sussex Spaniel—was near the bottom, another—the well-loved Cocker—was as near the top. Pekingese, Labradors, Cairns, Sealyhams, all stood very high; and even breeds which had not previously recovered much since the 1914-18 slump showed notable improvement in 1925.

Mention having been made of the Cocker, readers are hereby notified of the best book about that delightful breed which has yet seen the light: *The Popular Cocker Spaniel*, by H. S. Lloyd (Popular Dogs Publishing Co., Ltd., 65, Long Acre, 6s.). This admirably turned out little volume really does give you the Cocker from A to Z; for what Mr. Lloyd doesn't know about them is hardly to be called knowledge, and he has here given us of his very best in history, description, and many invaluable tips direct from the stable. Mr. C. A. Phillips's interesting preface includes a suggestive warning against the dangers for the breed of yielding too much to the fashion for diminutiveness.

The approach of Cruft's, next month, has inspired quite a number of enquiries about our English Dog Shows, the first of which is believed to have been that held in Newcastle in 1859. Next autumn will bring the 65th annual Kennel Club Show; and although the entire history of these events covers less than seven decades, we now have something over twelve hundred of them each year, with rapidly increasing aggregates of entries and expenditure, and continuous improvement in the average quality of exhibits. The registration of their Dogs at the Kennel Club and the support of Shows (as exhibitors and as visitors) are two obvious duties in the faithful observance of which all friends of Dogs may feel they are practically serving the best interests of the canine community.

"As a novice I have been glad to follow closely 'Kennelman's' advice about feeding, but, although my two Alsatians are now apparently in first-rate fettle, we are rather worried about their indifference to other food than meat. They seem to care for nothing else." No need to worry. The Dog is a purely carnivorous animal, anyhow. Variety can always be obtained by ringing the changes on beef and mutton, served raw or lightly baked or boiled; but, for digestion's sake, always cut it in *thin* slivers. Other foods can be made more attractive to Dogs by being flavoured with meat or bone broth.

9 carat Gold, **£12 10s.**
18 carat Gold, **£20 0s.**

HALF HUNTER CASE
9 carat Gold, **£16 10s.**
18 carat Gold, **£25 0s.**

By Appointment.

An English Watch

THE watch shown represents the finest value obtainable in high-class timekeepers. It is an English Lever Watch of guaranteed reliability, timed, adjusted and compensated for variations of temperature and fitted with Breguet Balance Spring. The embodiment of a century's knowledge and experience in the art of Watch-making, this Watch is the best value ever offered.

CATALOGUE OF MEN'S WATCHES SENT FREE.

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd

with which is incorporated The Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd Estd 1751.

ONLY ADDRESS — 112, Regent Street, London, W.1. (Corner of Glasshouse Street.) — ONLY ADDRESS

1627

The much beloved 'Piscator'

Not among fishermen only is the memory of Izaak Walton cherished. The gentle, pious, cheerful disposition revealed by *The Compleat Angler* cannot but appeal to every reader, 'brother of the angle' or not. Everybody can delight in the quaint flavour of passages such as the caution about Master Frog: 'use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer.'

Was ever 'one-book' man, of literary stature so slight, so secure of immortality?

In 1627, year of the first distilling of John Haig, Izaak was still an ironmonger of Fleet Street, already the ardent devotee but not yet the inspired chronicler of the *Contemplative Man's Recreation*. For the curious there is a parallel to be drawn between the loving, leisurely pains that went to the fashioning and rounding of his masterpiece and the unremitting labours of nearly three centuries that are summed up to-day in John Haig.

By Appointment

John Haig

The Father of all Scotch Whiskies

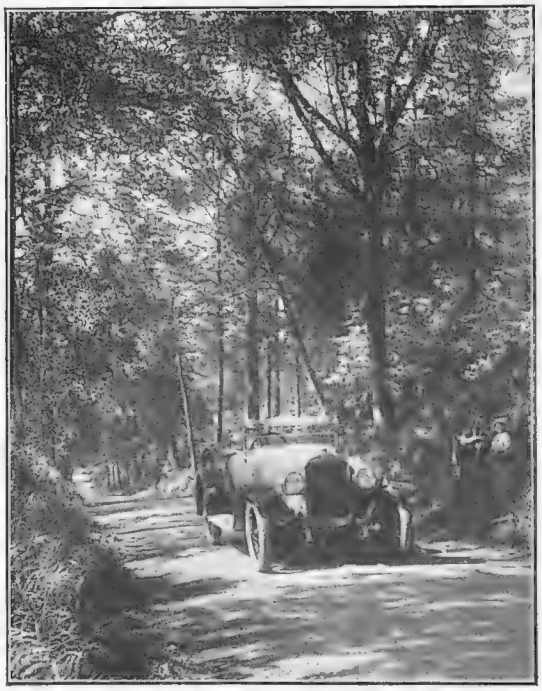
Issued by JOHN HAIG & CO., Ltd. (Incorporating Haig & Haig, Ltd.), DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1

MOTOR NOTES

JANUARY, 1926, has been of particular interest to motorists. In the first place, the first fortnight was occupied in the paying of much money to the licensing authorities to secure the privilege of using a car for a further period. Secondly, the weather conditions included everything possible, both favourable and otherwise—sunshine, snow, rain, frost, floods, and fog. Thus, motor cars secured a most thorough testing. In the same month a most interesting announcement was made concerning the invention of bendable glass by Austrian chemists, which, if found to be commercially possible, would appear to solve the problem of windscreen and side-windows.

***

OF all the more unpleasant forms of motoring I should imagine that driving on glass-like frozen roads is by far the worst. Such conditions so rarely obtain in this country that motorists have little practice in the art of controlling a skating car. When the snow has frozen on a main thoroughfare the car can be driven in a straight line with comparative ease, but any sudden turn, braking, or acceleration causes the car to perform the weirdest antics, while the unfortunate driver has practically no control. The only reasonable solution is the fitting of non-skid chains, but as these are so rarely required their use is limited to a very few.



"IF WINTER COMES"

A pleasing photographic reminder that Spring cannot now be far behind. The car, which is seen in Badby Woods, Northamptonshire, is a 20/60 h.p. five-seater open touring model Sunbeam

***

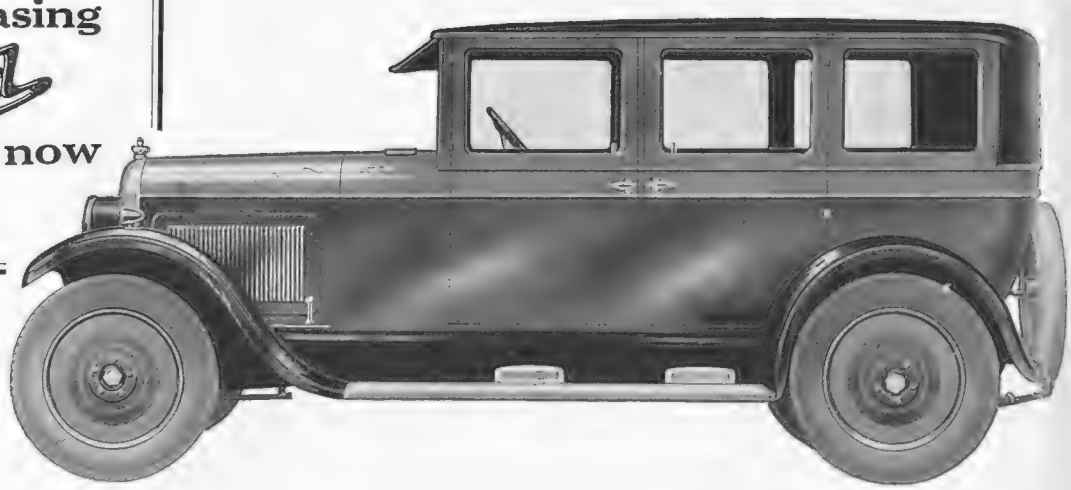
ON the day when we had a remarkably good snow blizzard it fell to my lot to test one of the latest 12-50 h.p. Alvis cars. The agents, in their kindness, substituted a saloon car for the tourer which I had been promised, and very glad I was of the change, although the all-weather hood would, no doubt, have given excellent protection. Fortunately, I did not have to travel far, otherwise I should have become weary of the weather conditions, in spite of the snugness of the Alvis body. I was extremely thankful for the electric windscreen wiper, which, at any rate, allowed me to see straight ahead, while the snow carefully covered up all the other glasswork on the car. Under such unfavourable conditions the Alvis performed extremely well. It has a very lively engine, four very useful gears, an excellent clutch, and comfortable springing. A feature which I valued remarkably in the wintry conditions was the four-wheel braking system. Although the icy road conditions allowed little adhesion to the tyres, I was never anxious about my ability to stop in a reasonable distance. I look forward to a further trial under more favourable conditions.

***

THE licensing regulations, like most of those issued by authority, are somewhat confusing to the uninitiated. For the benefit of those motorists who are not well acquainted with the more important points in the present system of licensing and registration, as affecting the owners of

(*Continued on page 220*)

There are several advantages to be gained by purchasing your Overland now



The Overland Six 4-door Saloon de Luxe £375 with front-wheel brakes.

As with all popular cars delivery of the Overland Six Four-Door Saloon is better now than later on in the season—and the car is just comfortably run in when the really fine weather begins. In any case isn't this just the time of year when one most appreciates the door-to-door transport a car affords? Particularly a roomy four-door Saloon snugly upholstered in grey velour. The Overland Six has a performance of 2/55 m.p.h. in top gear, while carefully planned weight distribution and low build ensure excellent road-holding qualities. Front-wheel brakes provide another safety factor on all conditions of roads.

The Overland Six Four-Door Saloon de Luxe is an all-the-year-round car, so why deny yourself its convenience in January? In another class is the British-built 13·9 Five-Seater, a staunch yet economical and weather proof touring car complete with rigid side curtains (opening with the doors), and rear windscreen. Other features are adjustable swivel headlamps for foggy weather, front-wheel brakes, balloon tyres, windscreen wiper, driving mirror, four doors to body, and luggage grid. 50 m.p.h. on top gear, 30 m.p.g. The following are the prices for Overland Six and Overland 13·9 Models:—

Overland Six Four-Door Saloon - -	£375
Two-Door Saloon - - -	£340
Five-Seater - - - -	£325
Overland 13·9 Four-Door Saloon - -	£340
Five-Seater - - - -	£245

Front wheel brakes on all models.

Write for folder BY for Overland Six Models, or folder BY 1 for the Overland 13.9.

Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., Sales & Export Dept., Heaton Chapel, Stockport. London Showrooms: 151/153, Gt. Portland St., W.1. London Service Depôt: 111, Lots Road, King's Road, Chelsea.

"A Soft and Lovely Skin"

The views and methods of

The Vicar's Daughters

in

"BETTY IN MAYFAIR"

(Miss Evelyn Laye & Miss Mary Leigh)

Miss Evelyn Laye.

Miss Evelyn Laye and Miss Mary Leigh are playing the parts of the twin sisters—the vicar's daughters—in the successful musical comedy, "Betty in Mayfair," at the Adelphi Theatre. Miss Evelyn Laye has long occupied an enviable position on the top rung of her profession. Her lovely vivacious manner, full of grace and charm, her delightful voice, and her natural talent have brought her a continual series of successes. The care of the skin, Miss Laye declares, can best be effected by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams—Cold Cream and the Vanishing Cream used regularly in conjunction.

"Soap and water are not enough."

"I believe in plenty of Cold Cream for cleansing," said Miss Laye, "soap and water are not enough. Pond's Cold Cream seems to bring out dirt that remains in, however thoroughly I wash in soap and water."

To the remark that every day new skin is forming under the old skin which must be kept constantly cleansed and nourished, Miss Laye responded:

"Yes, that is perfectly right. Every night I give five or ten minutes to smoothing Pond's Cold Cream over my face and neck; yes, and my hands, too. I think the appearance of the hands is as important as that of the complexion. All the time I am applying the cream I massage gently with the finger-tips. Then, after a few minutes of this, I wipe off the cream on a soft clean towel."

The effects of weather.

"Pond's Vanishing Cream, of course, I am constantly using at all times of the day. It acts, I think, as a very efficient protector, especially to a delicate skin that is susceptible to the effects of the weather."

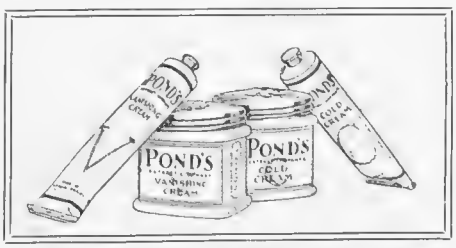
Miss Mary Leigh.

Miss Mary Leigh is making a great name for herself in this production. Those who have admired her grace and charm in the past are rejoicing to find her achieving the position she is entitled to in the front rank of "stars."

Fatigue and effects of climate.

Miss Leigh holds the opinion that the two greatest enemies to a woman's beauty are fatigue and the effects of the English climate.

"Every active woman is subject to tiredness," said Miss Leigh, "which makes the skin look lined and prematurely old. Unless something is done to revive the skin these traces of fatigue will get deeper and deeper until they form lines and wrinkles."



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS, USED BY THOUSANDS OF CHARMING WOMEN TO MAKE AND KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE.

"Revives the tissues."

For this reviving process Miss Leigh recommends a regular cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. "It revives the tissues," she declared, "and allows the pores to breathe freely, which, I think, is a very important thing. If you do this cold cream cleansing last thing at night, in the morning you wake up with a skin rejuvenated."

For daytime Use.

"The skin can be kept constantly in good condition during the daytime by applying Pond's Vanishing Cream every now and again, to resist the destroying effects of exposures. This cream is ideal for daytime use, because it disappears instantly. If one is in the habit of using powder, it goes on much more evenly and stays on longer over Pond's Vanishing Cream."

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER.

Fill up this coupon and post it, together with 2d. in stamps. We will send you by return of post sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, sufficient to prove their beneficial effect. All chemists and stores sell Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, in handsome opal jars, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., and in tubes, 7½d. (for handbag) and 1s.; the Cold Cream also in extra large tubes, 2s. 6d.

COUPON

GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES.

To Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 292),
103, St. John Street, London, E.C.1

I enclose twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me your *TRIAL TUBES OF POND'S COLD CREAM AND POND'S VANISHING CREAM*, together with the Home Massage Chart.

NAME .....

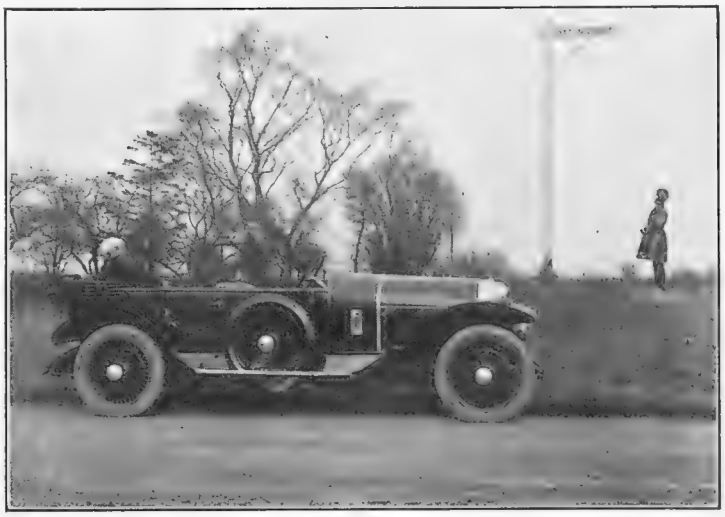
ADDRESS .....

.....

private motor-cars and motor-cycles, the Automobile Association is issuing a booklet entitled "Your Motor Tax at a Glance," which shows the amount due for quarterly licences, licences for less than one quarter, and licences for more than one quarter, but less than one year, also whole-year licences. Full information is also given concerning the allowances on old cars, refunds for surrendered licences, and the procedure necessary for renewing licences. Copies may be had gratis upon application to the Secretary of the A.A.

***

A BULLETIN has recently been issued by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd., for the period ending November 30th, 1925, which contains interesting information concerning the Motor Exhibition. In 1925, 303,393 persons paid for admission to Olympia for the Car Show, as compared with 281,744 for the previous year. The Commercial Motor Show in 1925 attracted 65,476, as against 43,924 in 1923, when the previous Exhibition was held. The date of the Olympia Motor Exhibition for 1926 has been fixed. After surveying all the circumstances in connection with the holding of the Cycle and Motor Cycle Exhibition, and the fact that the Paris Salon will be definitely held this year during the first fortnight of October, the Society has decided that the Motor Exhibition shall open on Thursday, October 21st, and will, presumably, shut on Saturday, October 30th. The Motor Cycle Exhibition will open on Monday, October 4th, and there will be no Commercial Motor Transport Exhibition this year.



A RELIC OF THE PAST

The Caxton Gibbet, now a sign post, which stands at the Huntingdon-Royston St. Neots-Cambridge cross-roads as a reminder of the not too good old days. The car in the foreground is a Crossley touring model

***

THE question of mud-guarding has not received the attention which it deserves from many manufacturers. The recent wintry weather, with consequent slush, quickly brought out any weak points in mudguarding, and threw into prominence those cars on which mud was kept from the panels in an efficient manner. Among such cars I was particularly impressed by a 14 h.p. Crossley of the latest model, on which I covered a considerable distance. It did not matter how fast I drove over thawing slush, which had been churned to a soup-like consistency, no mud was blown back on to the body panels, the front of the rear wings only received a light spattering, while, marvellous to relate, the back panel, which also carried the spare wheel, was absolutely innocent of any deposit. When driving fast on bad roads mud is usually sucked in behind the car, but the Crossley engineers appear to have overcome this difficulty. As regards the actual running of the car, I have nothing but praise for it. It starts easily, its control is very simple, it is roomy and comfortable, and, most important of all, it is very economical to run. I propose in the near future to make a careful test of the consumption, as I believe that the maker's claim of at least 30 m.p.g. is a very modest one.

GEORGE C. STEAD.

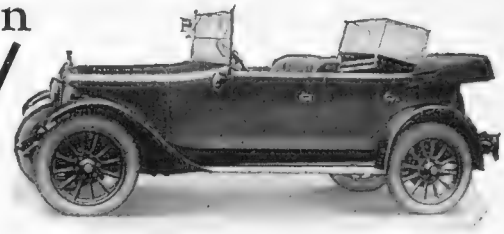
Motorists!!! Let your new car be a FIAT

RANGE OF MODELS
7 h.p.
10/15 h.p.
15/20 h.p.
20/30 h.p.
40 h.p.

The Car of International Reputation

Write for Booklet and name of district agent who will be pleased to give a free demonstration.
FIAT (England) LIMITED
43-44, Albemarle Street, London - - - - W.1
Telephone - - - - Gerrard 7946 (4 lines)

You can obtain this on



UNIQUE EASY TERMS
Officially approved by the AUSTIN Motor Co. Ltd.

CAR MART LTD. can now supply AUSTIN 12 h.p. Touring Cars for a Deposit of £85 and the balance at the rate of £2 PER WEEK.

This brings these wonderful cars within the reach of everyone.

Financed entirely by CAR MART Ltd., there are no dealings with outside finance houses. Other Austin models in proportion.

Call or write for particulars.

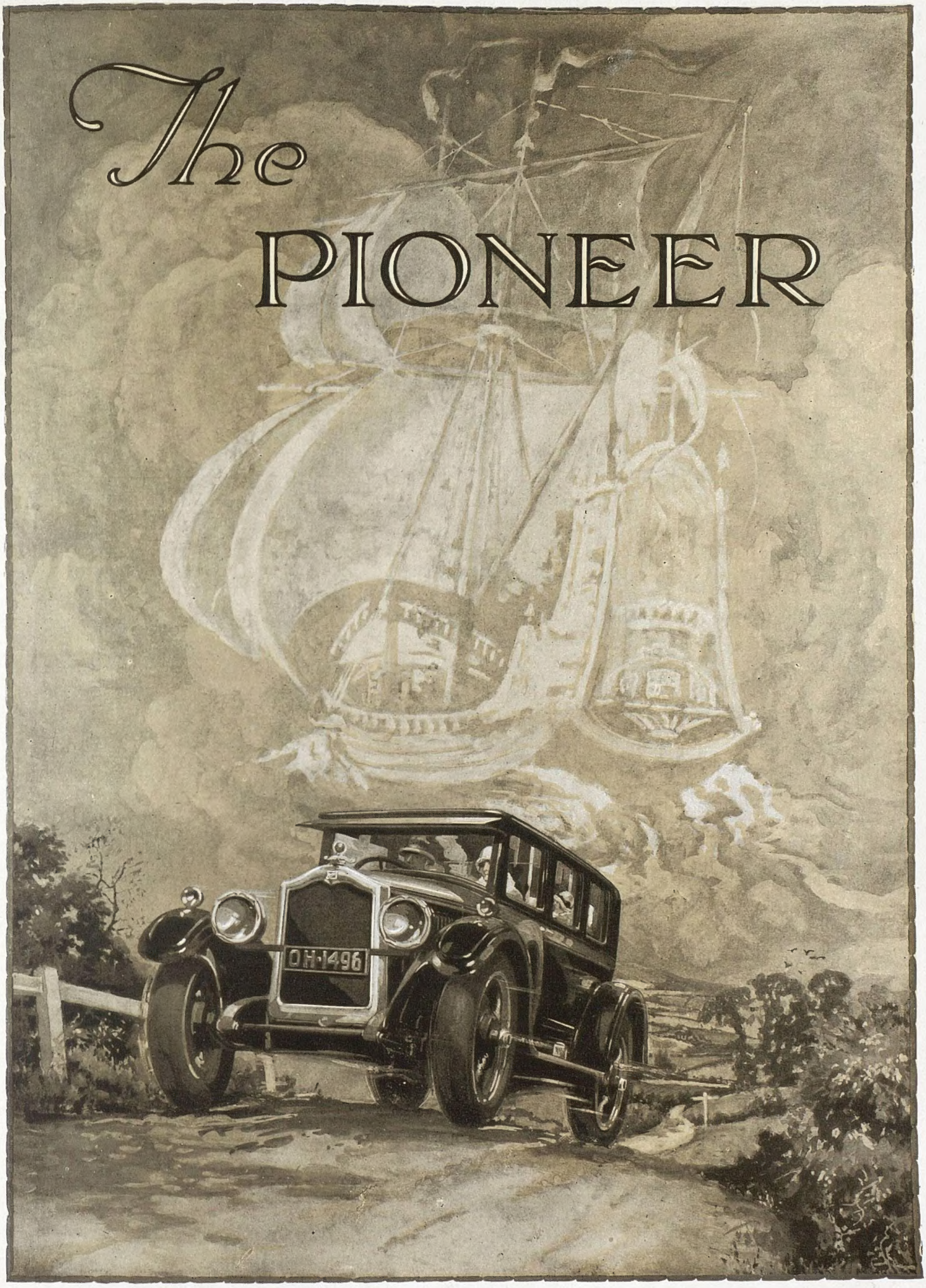
LONDON'S LARGEST CAR DEALERS

Car Mart Ltd

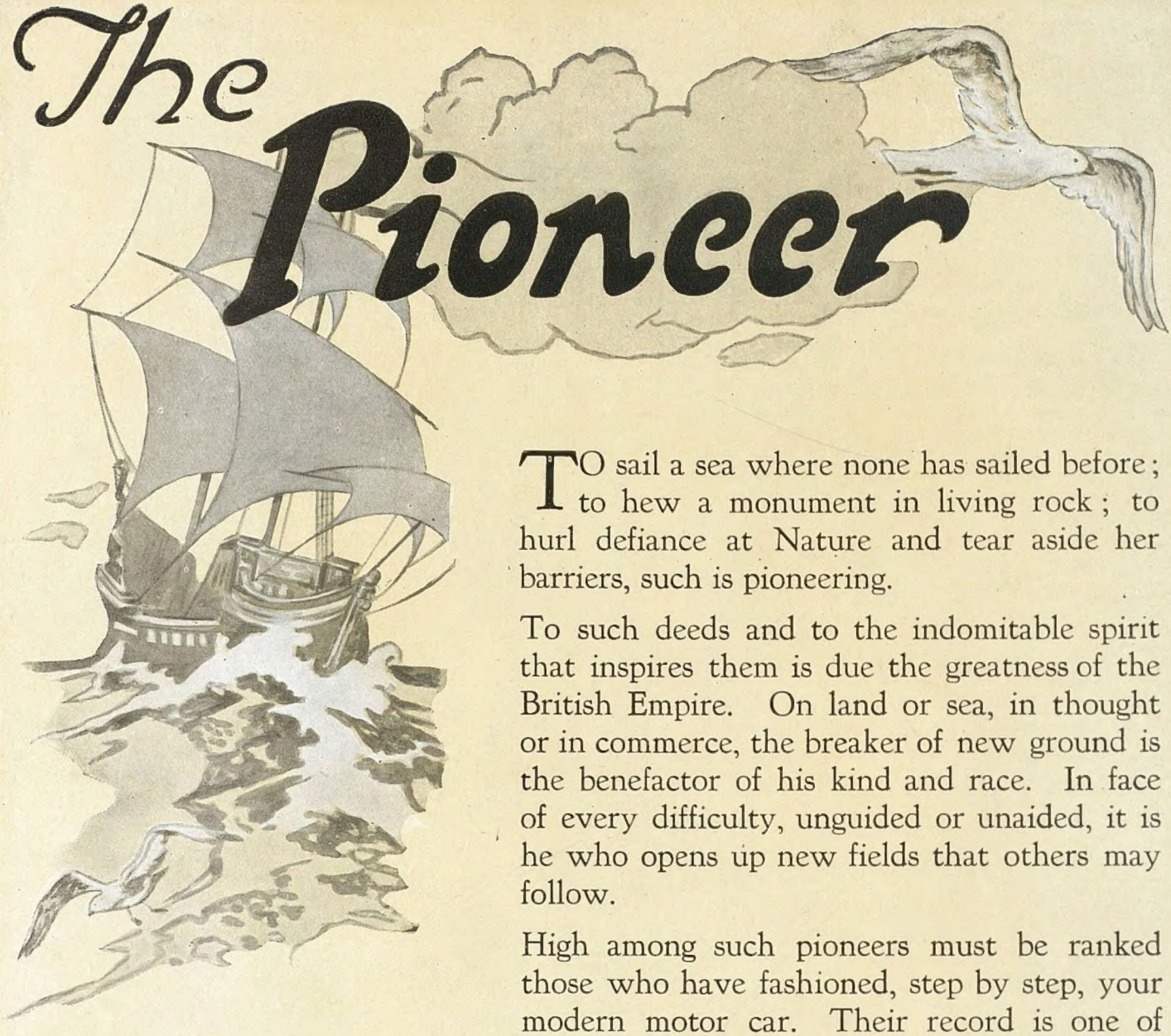
46-50 PARK LANE, W.1 297-9 EUSTON RD., N.W.1
'Phone: GROSVENOR 3311 (5 lines) 'Phone: MUSEUM 2000 (5 lines)

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

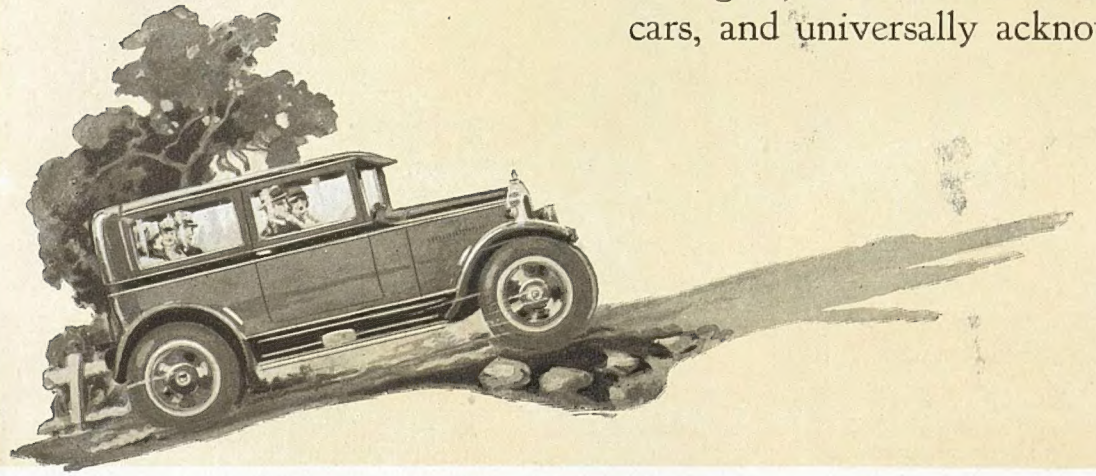

The
PIONEER
OH 1496

The Pioneer



TO sail a sea where none has sailed before; to hew a monument in living rock; to hurl defiance at Nature and tear aside her barriers, such is pioneering.

To such deeds and to the indomitable spirit that inspires them is due the greatness of the British Empire. On land or sea, in thought or in commerce, the breaker of new ground is the benefactor of his kind and race. In face of every difficulty, unguided or unaided, it is he who opens up new fields that others may follow.

High among such pioneers must be ranked those who have fashioned, step by step, your modern motor car. Their record is one of research, discovery, conquest and progress.

The landmarks of this progress are historically recorded in the discoveries opened up by Buick engineers. In 1901—twenty-five years ago—Buick pioneered the overhead valve type of engine, since embodied in a score of other cars, and universally acknowledged to be the